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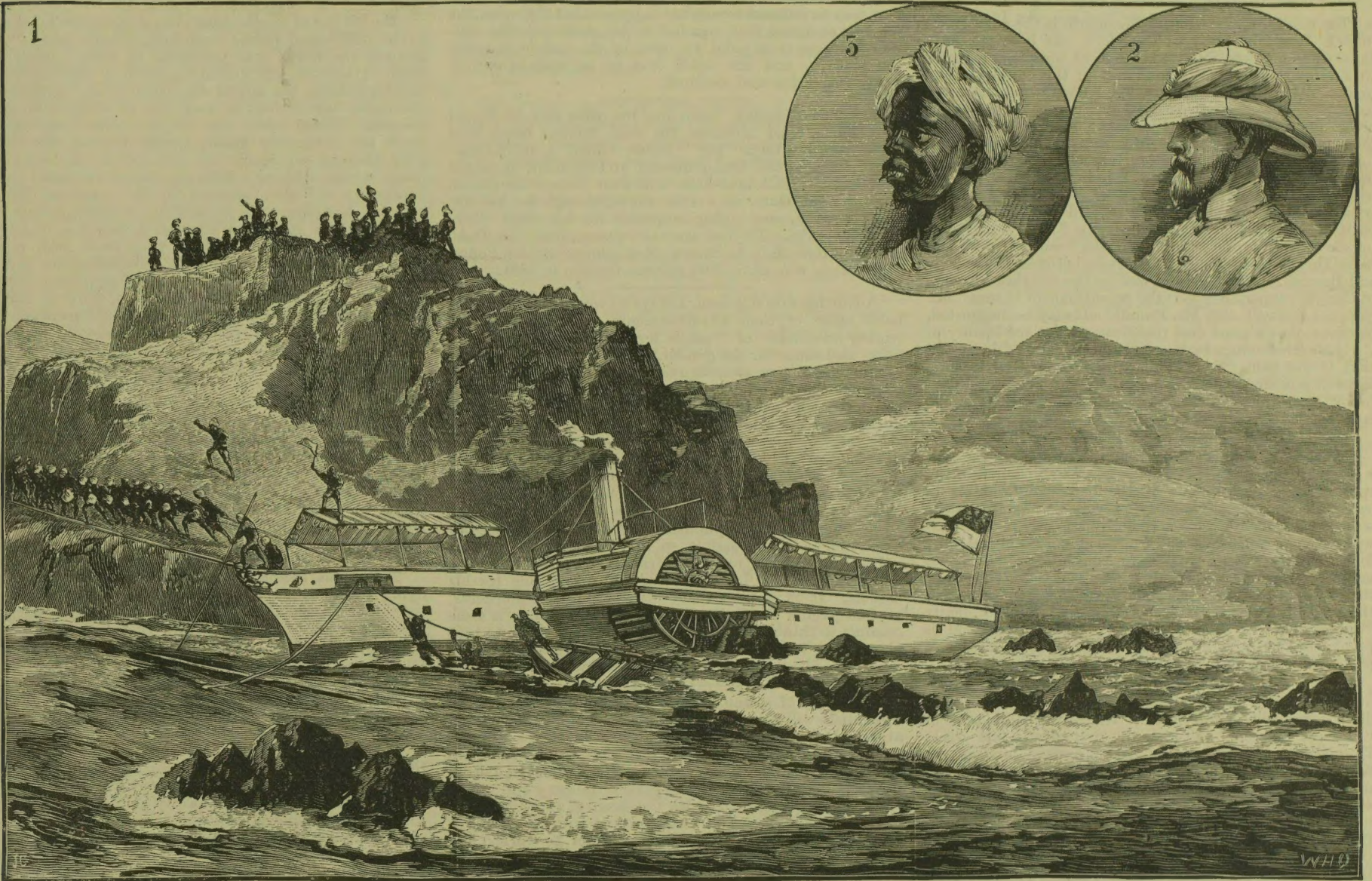
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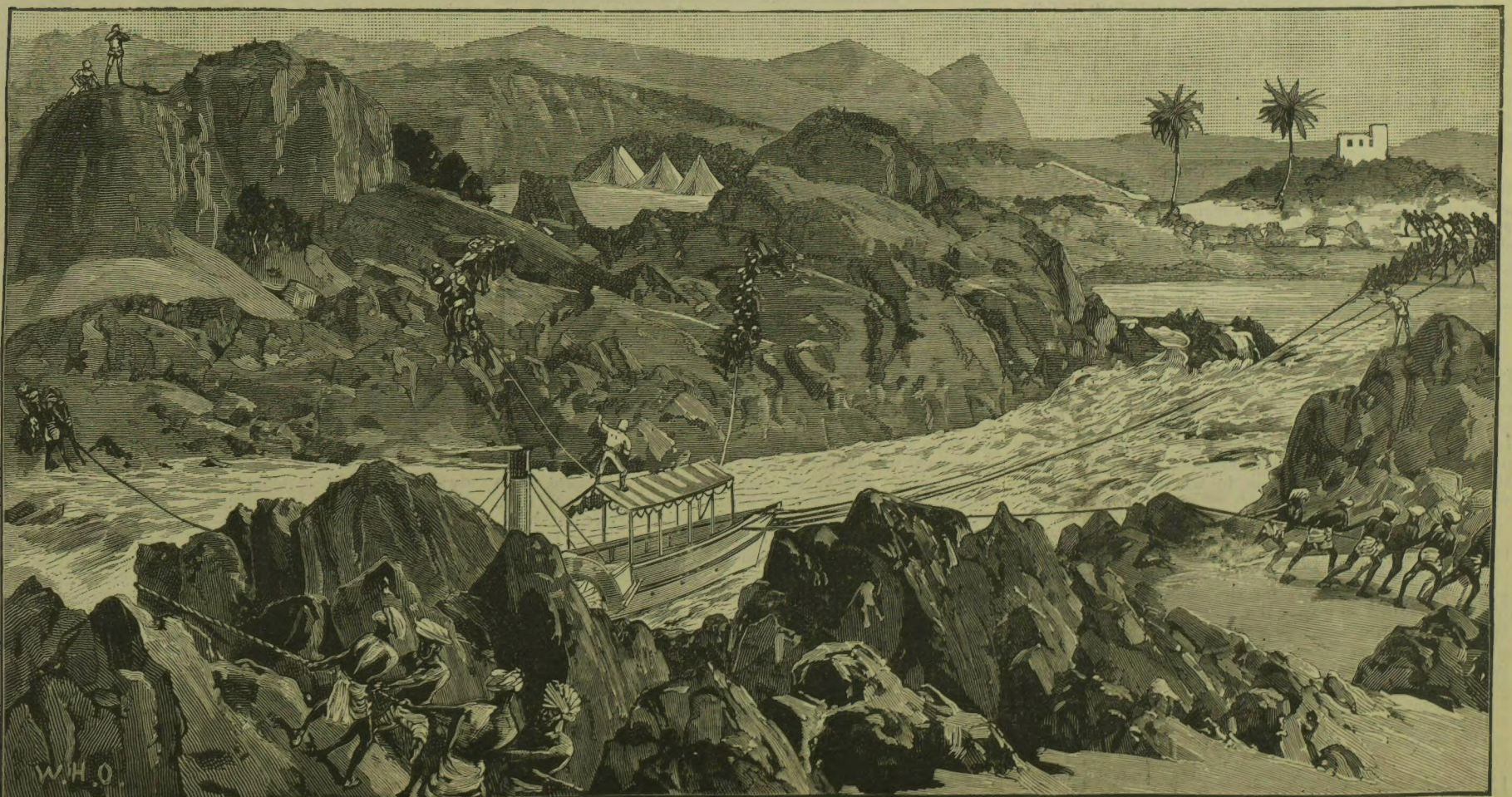
WITH SIXPENCE.
EXTRA SUPPLEMENT By Post, 6½d.

1. Steamer, with port paddle disabled, and towing hawser carried away, boat swamped, and boat's crew getting on board the steamer.

2. Lieutenant R. Poore, R.N., commanding the Nassif-Kheir.
3. Coki, Sheikh of the tribe assisting at the Cataract.



A CRITICAL MOMENT.



THE NASSIF-KHEIR PASSING UP THE BAB-EL-KEBIR, THE "GREAT GATE" OF THE SECOND CATARACT.

THE NILE EXPEDITION: SKETCHES BY AN OFFICER.

OUR NOTE BOOK

The book season has begun, and the London publishers are giving and promising an ample variety of literary food. Readers, however, probably rejoice with trembling. Everyone, in these days of culture, is expected to read everything, and of popular works which form the topic of conversation in society, few men have the courage to confess their ignorance. This is one of the penalties of civilisation. We read, not what we like best, but what we are expected to read and like. What a relief it would be to some of us if we were able to treat our current literature as the priests in many of the Buddhist temples in India treat their sacred canon. The volumes, it is said, stand in a revolving book-case: a man, by giving it a push, makes it turn round, and thus he gains the merit of having perused the whole canon.

The chief literary event of the month is the completion of Mr. Froude's "Life of Carlyle." As a writer, as a thinker, as a talker, Carlyle is the most conspicuous figure in England during the second half of this century. His genius fills his pages with life, his humour and energy of expression take the reader captive, his very eccentricities are in his favour and help to make him popular. The biography of such a man, written by a master of the art, must needs command attention, especially as the judgments of Carlyle upon men still living amongst us are uttered without reserve. The work has been compared with Boswell's Johnson, which is said to be meagre in comparison. Carlyle, according to the *Times*, is a greater person than Johnson; and "all the reading world will allow that there can be no comparison between Mr. Froude and Boswell." We need not discuss the weighty question of Carlyle's superiority to "the great Cham of letters," nor compare Boswell with Mr. Froude. It may be suggested, however, that a good deal that draws us to the history of Carlyle's life belongs to the day and will die with it, and that if Johnson be a smaller man than Carlyle, and Boswell a much smaller man than Mr. Froude, it does not follow that a biography hitherto the most famous in the language must be now removed from its pedestal.

Nowhere in the neighbourhood of London are the oak-trees finer than in Raynes Park, near Wimbledon, a lovely spot already in the hands of the builder. Counsels of sweetness and light evidently prevailed when the estate was laid out, for the houses, though eminently picturesque, will never be numerous, and the woodman is emphatically forbidden to touch "a single bough" of the forest monarchs whose youth probably dates back to the time when the Iceni were encamped on the neighbouring common, and the "British warrior Queen" there in her perplexity "sought counsel of her country's gods." The soil is peculiarly dry, and neither at morn nor dewy eve does a particle of vapour arise from it, even in late October.

Lady Colin Campbell has just started some penny dinners for poor children in a terribly squalid part of "Outcast London," and gave the first dinner last week. The bill of fare was soup, boiled mutton, and bread, thoroughly wholesome food, but perhaps not altogether suited to the guests. Even hunger will not overcome the distaste of the English poor for soup, and boiled mutton is less popular as well as less nourishing than roast beef. The purveyors of penny dinners who have served the longest apprenticeship to their good work have invariably found that the top side of the buttock of beef is the joint containing the least bone and fat, and the most gravy, and consequently it is the most suitable for their purpose.

Professor Ruskin does not altogether approve of modern pronunciation; for, in the first of his new series of lectures, which was given on Saturday at Oxford, he adhered to the old method of pronouncing Celtic, and would not pronounce it as though written with a K, for fear he should "be expected to say Saint Kekilia." It is indeed to be hoped that any such hardness of speech may be averted.

The powers that rule Russian society disapprove of flirtation; and, by a sort of unwritten code of customs, will endeavour to put it down during the coming winter. The edict has gone forth in St. Petersburg that at all balls henceforth each gentleman shall waltz only once round the room with his partner, and then relinquish her to another candidate for that honour. The new system will at least have the charm of variety.

Dread of cholera has caused a great many delicate persons, who would have wintered in the south of France and Italy, to take up their abode at Montreux, where the natives have rejoiced over their coming gains. Unhappily, snow and hail have already visited the town and neighbourhood with such vehemence that the strangers are departing as rapidly as they arrived, though most of them seem sorely puzzled as to where to spend their winter.

It must have been a strange and pathetic sight on the 9th inst., when the remains of several departed Indian chiefs were reinterred at Buffalo in a picturesquely situated piece of ground set apart for that purpose by the pale-faces, who now rule where the sachems of old hunted in the depths of the forest primeval. There was a goodly gathering of their descendants, many of whom wore feathers and wampum, while others were in ordinary European costume, and some few in the uniform of the United States Army. Funeral dirges were chanted, and thirty representatives of the Six Nations stood by the coffins while they were lowered into the graves, the ceremony being completed by a Delaware chief, who pronounced a benediction in English. The old order has indeed changed for the red men, and they can hardly be expected to appreciate the new one very keenly.

There should be joy in Wapping, for "poor Sir Roger," or Sir Arthur, or plain Arthur Orton, has been set at liberty. It was said that he "desired to live in retirement," which would be about the last thing he could do; but it is difficult to reconcile that statement with the publication of a wholesale libel in the form of a "manifesto," and with arrangements made for various public meetings, to be held at various towns, already amounting in number to as many as 211. This is the modest retirement of the ostrich with a vengeance.

Anybody who pleases may lawfully wear a piece of blue ribbon; but, still, it may mislead the public. For example, there is the cabman who is said to wear a bit of blue ribbon in order that facetious persons, taking him for a "totaliser," may sneeringly ask him to "have a drink," when he at once cheerfully closes with the offer. Parade of virtue should be avoided as much as any other kind of parade.

This is the Houghton Meeting week at Newmarket; and how this week, though falling in October, may vary in weather from one year to another in this funny climate of ours may be inferred from what happened in 1846, when the fog was so dense that men had to be stationed, like railway flagmen, from point to point of the course to guide the jockeys, and the track had to be marked out by a covering of tan and sawdust.

Apropos of racing, there died the other day, at Pound Stud Farm, aged nineteen, the once famous horse Wild Oats, who, but for a "leg" (which "filled"), should perhaps have won the Derby instead of Pretender, or might have run a second dead-heat with Pero Gomez for second place. Wild Oats, as a stud horse, though he had not much success, was highly respected for his sire's (Wild Dayrell's) sake. He had several owners, from the Duke of Hamilton's date to Baron Maltzahn's, of the Pound Stud Farm, who gave 2000 guineas for him in 1881.

Advertisers do not seem always to weigh fully the probable effect of their advertisements. For instance, the worthy advertiser of "sauce for all," or "sauce for the goose and sauce for the gander," with a picture of a goose swallowing the sauce with avidity, does not seem to have reflected that the advertisement may have an effect diametrically opposed to that which is intended; for it would appear that you must be a goose to like the sauce.

"It was I killed the Harphang," wrote a brute named Lethbridge with his cane in the sand beneath the poor bird's cage at the Jardin d'Acclimatation, Paris, the other day; and, as he seems to desire that his name and achievement should be published abroad, it is a pleasure to assist him as far as possible, so that he may be held up to universal contempt, unless his friends can prove that he is fortunately out of his mind and not responsible for his actions. It is a pity that this wanton bird-murderer, beyond paying the fine and damages in which it is some comfort to think he was mulcted, cannot be made to bear about with him—to parody a favourite expression of the novelists—the "mark of Cain." That is what he "wants."

The issue of a fine library edition of the Elizabethan dramatists will be welcome to all lovers of our early literature. It is, perhaps, a bold venture on the part of the publisher, or would be if he had chosen an editor less competent than Mr. A. H. Bullen. He combines qualities rarely united in one man—the patient industry and verbal criticism of the scholiast with the keenest appreciation of literary excellence. The series begins with the works of Marlowe, whose genius, considering when he worked and how, fills the reader with wonder. His power was felt by Shakespeare, and felt also by Goethe; and Mr. Bullen is not, perhaps, a rash prophet in saying that "so long as high tragedy continues to have interest for men, Time shall lay no hands on the works of Christopher Marlowe!" Yet what a difference there is between our feeling for Shakespeare and for his greatest predecessor! To the one we give love, to the other admiration; the one is a daily companion—when we wish to meet the other we go to the library.

The announcement that a distinguished service reward of fifty pounds per annum has been conferred on Major Henry Woods, "one of the few survivors who took part in the memorable campaign in Afghanistan in 1842," may perplex the civilian. Of course it is not to be supposed that services rendered two-and-forty years ago are recognised for the first time to-day; of course it is known that England, when rewarding her brave soldiers and sailors, never forgets the maxim *bis dat qui cito dat*. Readers, however, with awkward memories may recollect cases in which a grateful country has repaid the high achievements of youth by a pension in old age. From one point of view, the advantage of such a delay is obvious.

This week the Cambridgeshire Stakes, at Newmarket, has been lost and won for the forty-sixth time since its establishment in 1839, but it is doubtful whether there has ever been a more remarkable race, from certain points of view, for that handicap since the very first year, when Lanercost was first, Hetman Platoff second, and Mickleton Maid third. For there were no railways to speak of in those days, and Lanercost, having travelled by van from Dumfries, was almost paralysed when he arrived at Newmarket a few days before he had to run; then Hetman Platoff and Mickleton Maid both belonged to the same owner, Mr. Bowes, who in his early days could win "classic races" (the Derby four times, and two years in succession with Daniel O'Rourke and West Australian) to any amount, but has always been very unfortunate in handicaps; and lastly, Mickleton Maid did the very worst she could for "self and partner" by making the pace so hot that Lanercost, who was a sluggish horse, and required a lot of "rousing," was fairly put on his mettle, and did his very best, which was about the best that could be. Hence the first three, oddly enough, came in exactly in the reversed order of the betting; for Mickleton Maid, the favourite, was third; Hetman Platoff, the pivot, or second favourite, kept his place of second; and Lanercost, the third favourite, was first.

With each important revival of a Shakspearean play comes a host of literary and artistic recollections. Following the production of "Hamlet" at the Princess's Theatre, it may be interesting to note that there are only two copies known of the first edition of the tragedy. Of these, one, wanting last leaf, was purchased in 1825 by a Duke of Devonshire, and has not since left possession of his Grace's family; the other, wanting the titlepage, but having the last leaf intact, is in the British Museum. If perfect, there would be thirty-three leaves, quarto size. The following is the description on the titlepage:—"Ye Tragical Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke. By William Shake-speare. As it hath bene diverse times acted by his Highnesse servants in the Cittie of London: as also in the two Universities of Cambridg and Oxford, and elsewhere. At London printed for N. L. and Iohn Trundell 1603." By permission of the Duke of Devonshire, a photographic facsimile was taken of this in 1858, but only forty prints were allowed to be issued. At this time the second copy was not generally known, having but just been bought (in 1856) by Mr. Rooney, the well-known bookseller of Dublin, for a mere trifle.

The welfare of needlewomen has always been interesting to the benevolent public since Tom Hood's poem, "The Song of the Shirt," was published in *Punch*, on Dec. 16, 1843. It created a profound sensation at the time; and, besides trebling the sale of the paper, caused a number of charitable institutions to start up in support of sempstresses. Even now, the wages earned by needlework are miserably small, chiefly because the orders pass through so many agencies, each one having to share in the difference between the price paid by the consumers and that received by the operator. With a view of bringing them into closer contact, a kind lady has opened an office in Westminster, where a registry of needlewomen will be kept, so that those who require plain work or sumptuous artistic embroidery can find the names and addresses of honest competent persons anxious for employment. This should, indeed, prove a boon to hard-working under-paid toilers, whose gratitude will doubtless repay the charitable originator of the scheme.

For the first time since seven years ago, Italian Opera will take a place on the stage of Drury-Lane Theatre. Madame Patti will make her reappearance in England there, after her American tour, on June 8 next, under the management of Colonel Mapleson. Formerly, Covent-Garden opposed Drury-Lane or Her Majesty's Theatre in friendly operatic rivalry, and Madame Patti always favoured the opposition. In fact, she has supported Mr. Gye's company for twenty years. Now it seems that there will be but one house open for opera, and that for but a short season of six weeks.

Two great geniuses have recently passed away, both dying mad. One was Louis Lacombe, the musician, and the other Makart, the gifted young artist. With the ruling passion strong in death, they had both become delirious over their art. The painter was violent, thinking himself to be a colour-box, while the composer was melancholy, and pined away from inability to orchestrate a cantata, the tune of which kept ringing in his ears. Lacombe died in Paris, and Makart at Vienna.

Successive thought-readers have so effectually whetted the Parisian appetite for the mysterious and supernatural that no *salon* is now perfect without its pythoness. The marvel of the moment is a pretty young woman in good society, who is known as *la dame aux épingles*. All secrets are apparently open to her; she reads the past like a book, and foretells the future with marvellous exactitude; and yet her only guides are the pins which she asks her friends to scatter on the floor. She is, perhaps, most fortunate with perfect strangers. She professes complete ignorance as to the origin of her strange powers, or the mental process involved in their development. It is said that a lady who possessed a similar gift foretold the flight of Louis Philippe, and the rise and fall of the Second Empire.

Bankruptcy is too common nowadays, and is managed with too little publicity for the general weal. They manage these things far better in China, for if a native dealer fails to pay his creditors, they all assemble at his house, fortified with their pipes and a goodly store of rice and tea, and there they sit, calmly smoking, sipping, and eating till the money is paid. If, however, the defaulter be a European, they post a police agent at his door, and fasten on it a huge sheet of paper, on which each creditor writes the amount owing to him. It is decidedly uncomfortable to "fail" in the Celestial Empire, and consequently the occurrence is a rare one.

Relics of past ages are being destroyed everywhere, and the latest instance is the demolition of the little church of Laeken, near Brussels, which dated from the eleventh century, and is supposed to have been built by Balderic, the famous Duke of Brabant, who began the Church of St. Gudule. All the materials have been sold by auction, including the rare and valuable stained glass of the windows, and the tapestries from the old Chapelle de St. Barbe, where Queen Marie Louise, the "angelic" daughter of Louis Philippe, was buried, in 1850.

It has often been remarked that the old-fashioned working farmer who cultivated a few acres profitably, with the aid of his own family and one or two labourers, has been improved off British soil, because landlords have preferred letting large areas of land to tenants with sufficient capital to introduce all sorts of modern improvements. Sir Frederick FitzWygram would fain bring about the old order of things, and he told his tenants last week that he would gladly let a small holding to any agricultural labourer who had saved £300, at the same time pointing out that sixpence a day laid by regularly between the ages of twenty and forty would produce that desirable amount of capital. The average steady hind spends at least that sum of money on beer, so that teetotalism and thrift combined ought to render it easy for him to become his own master while still in the prime of life.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

With the death, in his seventy-ninth year, at his secluded retreat in Silesia, of William Augustus Louis Maximilian Frederick, Sovereign Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, a Field-Marshal of the defunct kingdom of Hanover, and a General of cavalry in the Prussian service, might come the opening of a floodgate of historical memories. But we are too busy, I suppose, with our Franchise Bills, Egyptian imbroglios, Bechuanaland muddles, Congo contentions, and other topics so dear to the heart of Jawkins and Borekins of the clubs, to trouble ourselves for more than five minutes about the harmlessly eccentric gentleman, and persistent old bachelor, who died on Saturday, Oct. 18.

If you wish to know all about Duke William's brother Charles, the discrowned and ambiguous Duke of Brunswick who left such a prodigious sum of money to the city of Geneva; about the Duke's father, the moody, morose Duke who raised the famous corps of Black Brunswickers, with their sable uniforms and shakoos adorned with death's-heads and cross-bones (this was the Duke celebrated in "Childe Harold" as "Brunswick's fated chieftain"); about his aunt, Caroline, who wished the inscription "Caroline, the Injured Queen of England," to be engraved on her coffin-plate: and engraved it was, only Garter King-of-Arms, acting under orders from Government, caused the plate to be removed from the coffin when the remains of the ill-starred lady were taken abroad, to be buried in the cathedral vault at Brunswick; and, in particular, if you would be told all about the Duke's grandfather, the Duke of Brunswick who, as generalissimo of the armies of the Coalesced Kings, issued, in 1792, that furious proclamation against the French Revolution, the final cause of which was to make Napoleon Bonaparte master of the continent of Europe, read Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's "Memoirs of the Princes and Princesses of the Reign of George III.," and the same indefatigable writer's "Life of George IV." With the exception of the melancholy Duke who "rushed into the field, and, foremost, fighting fell," at Quatre Bras (and even he could be mirthful upon occasion, and was a capital hand at mimicking Lord Castlereagh), the Dukes of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel appear to have been a very merry family indeed.

Mem.: The sons of the Duke who was killed at Quatre Bras were brought up in England; and Duke Charles the Ambiguous, elder brother of Duke William the Inoffensive and recently deceased, did at least one useful thing during his stay among us. As the boy Prince Charles of Brunswick, he laid, in September, 1813, the first stone of the abutment, on the Surrey side, of Vauxhall Bridge.

The *Times* relates a characteristic anecdote of the potentate who, in a certain sense, may be regarded as the Last of the Guelphs:—

A story is told of a desire on the part of the Brunswickers to see their late ruler marry, taking at last the form of a petition to this effect, which was presented to the Duke by three reputable citizens. The Duke received the deputation very graciously, and said that he would soon give them an answer. Barely an hour, therefore, had elapsed before large posters were stuck all over the town announcing that, on the same evening, the company at the Ducal Theatre would, by special command, perform Tüpper's comedy *Ich bleibe ledig* (I remain single). And thus the citizens promptly received the promised answer to their petition.

An enthusiast for public morality, who has adopted the *nom de plume* of "A Visitor to the Riviera," has been at the pains of compiling a volume of more than three hundred pages about the enormities of the public gaming-tables at Monte Carlo, in the Principality of Monaco. The compiler has been so kind as to send me an early copy of his book, which is very well got up, and is published by Messrs. Rivington. I am very much his debtor; but I am unable, for very shame, to moralise about Monte Carlo. For nearly twenty years I played regularly every summer at the Kursaal at Hombourg. I have backed the red at Baden-Baden, and put all my money on "passe" or "manque" at Wiesbaden. I have stuck to the "douze derniers" at Spa; have ventured on "fatal zero" at Geneva, and have wagered considerably on "pair" and "impair" at Aix-la-Chapelle. I am just too young to remember when Frascati's, in the Rue de Richelieu, Paris, was a *tripot*; but I have "fought the tiger" at New York, at Washington, and at Saratoga; and in Havana and Mexico I have played "monté" till the pockets of my dress-coat have given way beneath the weight of the doubloons, or *onzas de oro*, which I have won—to lose them again in about twenty-two minutes and a half. No; I would rather not moralise about the enormities of Monte Carlo; nor about the private gaming-dens of Nice, which are twice as iniquitous as the public casino of Monaco. I have been twice to Prince Florian's principality within the last four years, but have never risked a cent at the tables. I do not wish to claim the smallest credit for having, latterly, so abstained from gambling. The appetite for it, in my case, is dead: that is all. On the other hand, I am acquainted with numbers of ladies and gentlemen, moving in the first circles, and between fifty and seventy-five years of age, who are as inveterate gamblers now as they were when they were young.

At the same time, I will undertake to preach a lay sermon against gambling as long as Upper Wimpole-street so soon as I hear that Tattersall's has been suppressed; that betting on racecourses and at pigeon-matches has been made felony; that the Stock Exchange has been closed by Act of Parliament; that Derby Sweeps at the Pall-Mall clubs have been sternly prohibited by the committees of those institutions; that speculative investments have ceased to be advertised; and that "bogus" companies have ceased to be floated. I am very sorry to say anything against my own countrymen; but I dare to affirm that, in the matter of gambling, we are the veriest hypocrites on the face of the habitable globe. The Americans take the lead as a nation of gamblers. We come next; and we are closely followed by the French, the Italians, and the Spaniards.

"William the King friendly salutes William the Bishop, and Godfrey the Portreve, and all the Burgesses within London,

both French and English. And I declare that I grant you to be all lawworthy as you were in the days of King Edward; and I grant that every child shall be his father's heir after his father's death, and I will not suffer any person to do you wrong. God keep you." Certainly, Mr. Alderman Nottage, Lord Mayor-Elect. With all my heart, Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Whitehead and Mr. Sheriff George Faudel Phillips. There is to be an ambulatory trophy, commemorative of "The City's First Charter, A.D. 1067," in the Lord Mayor's Show on the 9th proximo. William the Conqueror, in complete armour, attended by two Norman knights (the Seigneurs of Beaufou and Boutevilain?), will be in the *cortège*. The charter will be in a gold box, on a raised dais, "guarded by Janissaries with drawn swords." Why Janissaries, Mr. Alderman Nottage? That famous corps of Ottoman militia was non-existent in 1067. They were not raised until 1326.

"Mops, roasts, and statties." "W. H. R." doubts the validity of Dr. Brewer's conjecture as to the origin of the term "mop;" and is inclined to think that when a servant-maid attended a statute fair for the purpose of being hired, she carried a mop, which from time to time she trundled in order to show her efficiency in using that domestic instrument. *Ceteris paribus*, shepherds carried a lock of wool in their hats, and carters a bit of whipcord.

The curious custom of whip-cracking in Caistor church. "C. H. B." (Leeds) tells me that the custom is fully described in Sir Charles Anderson's "Lincoln Pocket Guide" (E. Stanford). "On Palm Sunday a man from Broughton brings a whip called a gad. The stock is made of ash, the thong of white leather. At the beginning of the first lesson, he cracks the whip three times in Caistor church porch; after which he wraps the thong round the stock, with some twigs of mountain ash. He then ties a small leathern purse, in which there are twenty-four silver pennies, to the whip; takes it on his shoulder and walks up to the desk; and as the minister reads the second lesson the whipster waves the whip over the parson's head, and then kneels on a cushion, holding the purse in that position to the end of the lesson, when he retires into the choir. The whip and purse are subsequently carried to the manor house of Hundon, a hamlet in Caistor parish." This curious custom is now given up. But what did it mean? Is there any explication to be found of it in Blount's "Jocular Tenures"?

"G. S." (Spilsby) kindly sends me a pen-and-ink drawing of the Caistor gad-whip, as exhibited at Lincoln in 1848, and notes two legends in connection with the Palm Sunday custom; first, that the lords of the manors of Hundon and Broughton, at some very remote period, had been at enmity for years, and at length ended their feud by a terrific combat of two, in which the Lord of Hundon, getting the worst of it, covenanted to offer, in token of submission, a gad-whip annually in Caistor church, or in default forfeit some twenty-two hundred acres of land at Broughton. Legend number two is to the effect that a lord of the manor of Broughton accidentally killed a Hundon boy with a blow from a whip; and, in penance for that misadventure, made yearly offering of a gad-whip in Caistor church.

There is, it would appear, another claimant besides Theodore Hook and John Wilson Croker to be the author of the doggerel lines on the murder of Mr. William Weare, "who lived in Lyon's Inn," by the rascally trio Thurtell, Hunt, and Probert. "W. A. S." (Lodway, Bristol) mentions that in Vol. II. of the *Sporting Magazine* for 1839, Lord William Lennox gave a biographical sketch of a certain William Webb, who appears to have enjoyed some notoriety as a low comedian. Dissipated habits brought him to the very low level of a link-boy; and he was ultimately transported for felony, and died on his passage out. To this scamp Lord W. Lennox attributed the ballad on the murder of Weare. It is to the tune of "There's nae Luck about the House." My correspondent sends the entire ditty, but I can only find room for two verses. The "Lyon's Inn" one you know:—

Confined he was in Hertford Gaol,
A jury did him try,
And worthy Mr. Justice Park
Condemned him for to die.

Now Mr. Andrews he did strive,
And Mr. Chitty too,
To save the wicked wretch alive;
But no; it would not do.

It is not at all unlikely that William Webb was, after all, the real Simon Pure, and that he was one of Mr. James Catnach's hack poets, and wrote the Weare verses for the Seven Dials press. Mr. Catnach, it is well known, made almost as much money out of the Gill's Hill Lane murder as he had done out of the Cato-street conspiracy. On the first-named occasion, when the excitement about Thurtell's execution was beginning to subside, Mr. Catnach published a second penny broadside, beginning "WE ARE alive again!" which the public read "WEARE." Mr. Catnach's patrons did not approve of the trick; and, it is said, dubbed it a "catchpenny," whence arose (it is alleged) the epithet applied to a trumpery publication. But I should say that the term "catchpenny" is of much older date than the Seven Dials press.

"Go to (the) Pot." This expression, according to "W. S. W." (Clitheroe), occurs in one of the sermons of good old Bishop Latimer. The impression left on the mind of my correspondent is that the worthy Bishop spoke of an individual "Going to Pot" in the sense of his going to perdition.

An attempt has been made to cause the Silly Season "to go out with a boom" concerning the alleged shortcomings of the commissariat department on board ocean steamers. That which I have written is, perhaps, sufficiently roundabout in expression; but the name given to the movement in the *Times*, "Reform in the Ocean Passenger Traffic," is downright nonsense. There is no more any "traffic" in ocean passengers between Liverpool and New York and *vice versa* than there is, at this time of day, a trade in negro slaves between the coast of Guinea and the West Indies. I note with much gratification that the *Building News* has, in referring to locomotion,

substituted the word "travel" for "traffic," which last means sale, barter, exchange, or trade, and does not mean passing to and fro upon the earth or going down to the sea in ships.

The advocates for commissariat reform on board ocean steamers wish to see the table-d'hôte meals at stated hours abolished, and that the passengers, instead of being called upon to feed gregariously, should be allowed to eat when they liked and what they liked, paying for their meals, or portions of meals, *à la carte*. Thus, a passenger who was not sea-sick, but whose appetite at sea was small, would not, perhaps, be called upon to disburse more than two shillings or half-a-crown a day for his occasional snacks of food; while the passenger who was hopelessly sea-sick and couldn't eat anything would not be called upon to pay anything. Under the present system, the fare which he pays at the office of the steam-ship company includes full board (exclusive of beverages); and for that full board he must pay, whether he be able to consume it or not.

Sea-sick passengers and those whose appetites are delicate (especially the ladies) have my most earnest and heartfelt sympathy; but I confess that I fail to see my way towards the conversion of the saloon of an ocean-steamship into a restaurant *à la carte*. That saloon is the common sitting-room. Passengers chat, lounge, write their letters, read, and play chess and draughts there. The cloth is laid from time to time by the stewards; and the performance of that operation is a source of great joy to the hearty and hungry passengers, among whom I have known persons so utterly reprobate and abandoned as to order "sherry and angostura," or even the culpable cocktail, as a whet before dinner. I am afraid that if the saloon-table were littered from morning till night by "kick-shaws" ordered at intermittent intervals, by squeamish people or by invalids, the general comfort of the saloon would be seriously imperilled. You might suggest that the restaurant should be kept separate from the saloon. But would it be possible, even on board the largest steam-ship, to spare the additional space required for a separate restaurant?

After all, the main thing to be worked for in a sea-voyage is safety; and one of the chief factors in the insurance of safety is discipline. The regular victualling or messing of the passengers, the officers, and the crew on board a steamer is part of the discipline of the ship; and I gravely fear that the maintenance of that discipline would be endangered were there a perpetual hurry-scurrying of stewards from the galley to the restaurant, and an incessant messing about with passengers who required a mutton cutlet (under-done) at eleven a.m., or an omelette *aux fines herbes* at two p.m., or beef-tea at five, or arrowroot at eight. I am quite prepared to be told that what I have said touching the ocean-steamship commissariat is barbarous, brutal, prejudiced, and unenlightened. Be it so. But there must be among my readers an appreciable number of buccaneers, Red Rovers, Pirates of Barataria, Corsairs, Channel pilots, sea-dogs, and "old salts" generally. They will understand my motives.

The philosophic truth is that people who go to sea must be divided into two great categories. Those who like the sea, and who do not mind roughing it; and those who, whether they are or are not sea-sick, are desperately uncomfortable and out of sorts from the moment they leave the harbour's mouth until they arrive at the port of their destination. These last will thoroughly agree with Dr. Johnson's summary of a sea-life:—

A ship is worse than a jail. There is in a jail, better air, better company, better conveniences of every kind; and a ship has the additional disadvantage of being in danger. When men come to like a sea-life, they are not fit to live on land.

"E. S. F." (Fleetwood) writes: "Dear Sir,—Will you be good enough to inform me when first the expression 'mare's nest' was used, and by whom?" I don't know. The expression is in Beaumont and Fletcher—

Why dost thou laugh?
What mare's nest hast thou found?

Ask Professor W. W. Skeat; or, the rather, consult his dictionary. It is supposed that he knows more about the history of the English language than most people do. I have not got Skeat yet; nay, nor Littre, nor Richardson, nor Dugdale's *Monasticon* (that will cost you five-and-twenty pounds), nor "Modern Painters." I cannot afford them. How can you afford to buy books when the precept for the School Board for London has risen to eightpence in the pound, and will possibly continue in the *crescendo*? My tailor (a patient man) is suffering because, just before I left town, I invested in a copy of Montfaucon's "Antiquities" (fifteen vols., fol.); and my greengrocer would have been undone had I yielded to the temptation to buy a complete set of the Delphin Classics, first edition, crimson morocco, extra, tooled, gilt edges. But I withstood the temptation; and the man of cauliflowers and potatoes is paid.

On Saturday, Oct. 18, the Lord Mayor entertained at a grand banquet, in the Egyptian Hall at the Mansion House, a party of about one hundred and sixty gentlemen—authors, journalists, men of science, and dramatists, with some leading members of the Corporation of London. The House of Peers was represented by Lord Houghton and Lord Crewe; otherwise, the men of brains and the men of business had the field entirely to themselves, and the ornamental classes were conspicuous by their absence. There were a good many clergymen present; and I suppose that they had all written books. There was a diplomatist, too, at the festive board, H. B. M.'s Minister to the Helvetic Confederation; and I know that Mr. F. O. Adams has been guilty of the venial sin of authorship. Law, likewise, was represented by the learned Recorder of London, the learned and genial Town Clerk, Sir John Monckton, and Mr. Underdown. The last-named gentleman did not, I much regret to say, in his after-dinner speech, tell his inimitable story of how the late Sir Alexander Cockburn did not shoot Lord Westbury's gamekeeper. I dined out throughout an exceptionally brilliant London season some years ago mainly on the strength of an imperfect remembrance of Mr. Underdown's story.

The purpose of the banquet was to meet the "Incorporated Society of Authors." The objects of the Incorporated Society were lucidly and not too lengthily explained by Mr. Walter Besant, the distinguished novelist; and their objects appear to be the cultivation of improved business and social relations between authors and publishers, and the encouragement of and participation in any practicable movement for obtaining a copyright treaty with the United States. The evening throughout was a very harmonious one, and the after-dinner speeches were, as a rule, brilliant, including as they did addresses from such practised orators as Lord Houghton, Mr. Edmund Yates, the Rev. Dr. Wace, Sir Henry Thompson, Mr. Blackmore, Mr. William Black, Mr. W. S. Gilbert, Mr. G. R. Sims, and Mr. Comyns Carr. G. A. S.

OPENING OF PARLIAMENT: MOVERS AND SECONDBERS OF THE ADDRESS.



LORD BELPER.



LORD LAWRENCE.



MR. E. STAFFORD HOWARD, M.P. FOR EAST CUMBERLAND.



MR. W. SUMMERS, M.P. FOR STALYBRIDGE.

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

The Address to the Queen, in reply to her Majesty's Speech from the Throne, at the opening of Parliament on Thursday, was moved in the House of Lords by Lord Belper, and seconded by Lord Lawrence. In the House of Commons, it was moved by Mr. E. Stafford Howard, and seconded by Mr. W. Summers.

The Right Hon. Henry Strutt, second Baron Belper, was born May 20, 1840, and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he obtained the degree of Bachelor of Laws in 1863, and subsequently that of Master of Laws. He sat in the House of Commons as M.P. for East Derbyshire from 1868 to 1874, and was elected for Berwick-on-Tweed in 1880, but in June of that year succeeded to the peerage, on the death of his father, who was a well-known Liberal, and was Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster in Lord Aberdeen's Ministry thirty years ago. The present Lord Belper, in 1874, married Lady Margaret Coke, daughter of the second Earl of Leicester.

The Right Hon. Sir John Hamilton Lawrence, Bart., second Baron Lawrence, is son of the late eminent Indian statesman, Sir John Laird Mair Lawrence, who was Chief Commissioner and first Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab from 1852 to 1859, Viceroy of India from 1864 to 1868, was rewarded with a peerage, and latterly was first Chairman of the London School Board. The present Lord Lawrence was born Oct. 1, 1846, was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his degree of B.A. in 1869, and was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1872. He married, in that year, the only daughter of the late Mr. Richard Campbell, of Auchinbreck, Argyllshire. In 1879, on the death of his father, he succeeded to the peerage.

Mr. Edward Stafford Howard, M.P. for East Cumberland, is second son of the late Mr. Henry Howard, of Greystoke Castle, Cumberland, where he was born in 1851. He was educated at Harrow, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, and was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1875. He has sat for East Cumberland since April, 1876. He is married to Lady Rachel Anne Georgina, daughter of the second Earl Cawdor.

Mr. William Summers, M.P. for Stalybridge, is second son of the late Mr. John Summers, iron merchant, of that town, residing at Sunnyside, Ashton-under-Lyne. He was born in 1853, and was educated at Owens College, Manchester; at the University of London, where he took the degree of M.A. after winning a gold medal in classics and other prizes; and at University College, Oxford, where also he obtained a degree. He has been called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn, and was elected for Stalybridge at the 1880 General Election.

Our Portrait of Lord Belper is from a photograph by Elliott and Fry; that of Lord Lawrence, by Bourne and Shepherd, Calcutta; that of Mr. E. Stafford Howard, by Benjamin Scott, Carlisle; and that of Mr. W. Summers, by Russell and Sons, South Kensington.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to signify her approval of the following Ministerial changes:—The Right Hon. J. G. Dodson, M.P., on being raised to the Peerage, retires from the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster, to which the Right Hon. G. O. Trevelyan, M.P., is appointed, with a seat in the Cabinet. Mr. Trevelyan is succeeded in the office of Chief Secretary for Ireland by Mr. Campbell-Bannerman.

THE NILE EXPEDITION.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, who accompanies Lord Wolseley's military expedition up the Nile, has sent us two Sketches from Assiout, in Upper Egypt, where the railway from Cairo terminates, 250 miles above the capital city, and where the troops, the stores, and the small boats sent out from England, are put on board steamers for conveyance to Assouan, the head of ordinary steam navigation below the rapids of the First Cataract. Assiout, of which town he presents an effective general view, is situated a mile from the river-bank, on a small island connected by an arched stone bridge with the western mainland, below a hill or mountain which was, in the early ages of Christianity, the abode of numerous hermits and refugees from persecution; the grottoes in which they dwelt, and the tombs in which they were buried, are still to be seen. The town is a place of considerable trade, being connected by the Bahr Yusuf Canal with the fertile lake district of the Fayoum, and it has 25,000 inhabitants, with two fine mosques surmounted by minarets, a palace for the provincial governor, a college, bazaars, baths, and some well-built houses; the manufactures of linen and woollen, pipe bowls and pottery, are much esteemed. The port of this town is El Hamra, where all the Nile steamers land or embark either passengers or cargo; and it is here that the English-made boats are shipped for transport to the higher region of the Nile.

We have also received from an officer employed with the advanced guard of the expedition, beyond Wady Halfa, some additional Sketches of the difficult passage of the second Cataract by the steam-boat Nassif-Kheir, of which an Illustration was given two or three weeks ago. To the Engraving of "A Critical Moment," are appended the portraits of

THE NILE EXPEDITION: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



SHIPPING BOATS AT EL HAMRA, THE PORT OF ASSIOUT.



ASSIOUT, ON THE NILE, THE TERMINUS OF THE RAILWAY FROM CAIRO.

Lieutenant Poore, R.N., commanding the steamer, and of Coki, the chief of a tribe of Nubian Arabs employed to help at the Cataracts, the best swimmer on the Nile, and a most useful and trustworthy man. In the other Illustration, General Sir Evelyn Wood stands on the top of a high rock at the left hand, with his aide-de-camp, overlooking the passage of the Bab-el-Kebir, the "Great Gate" of the Cataract. What is called the Cataract must be understood as rather a succession of rapids flowing between the rocks in the channel of the river. The following description is taken from a letter of the *Standard* correspondent: "From Wady Halfa upwards, for many miles above the Second Cataract, the Nile is simply a succession of these rapids. We surmount one, and in half an hour have to contend with another. During high Nile many of these are, of course, completely submerged, but as the river falls, more and more of them appear, until at last it becomes impossible even for a nugger to ascend. We are now almost at the end of the navigable season, and are experiencing the Nile at its worst. After a time it is possible to comprehend the system by which the boatmen navigate, although at first it seems highly bewildering, and to the novice alarming. Every rapid has its slack water, sometimes on one side of the river, and sometimes on the other. When we get to the end of one stretch, we shoot across the stream to the other, and so gradually ascend, as if by so many locks. The dangerous period, of course, is when striking across, as the boat is then carried rapidly downwards, and if it should fail to reach in time the friendly eddy on the other side, might be dashed against the rocks that lurk under water, and so be wrecked. One thing is certain: small boats such as those coming from England will not be able to sail up the rapids after the manner described above. In the first place, they will not have enough sail-power; and in the second, they will not be large enough or strong enough to swim in mid-stream or to cross from eddy to eddy. They must be hauled up close in shore, which in many places is no easy task, owing to precipitous banks and overhanging trees. If the pioneer craft carried a number of gun-cotton cartridges, many of these obstacles might be blown away; but, in any case, to drag the boats along the Nile banks will be wearisome work. Powerful steamers might prove effective, but the period for sending powerful steamers to Dongola has now passed. Perhaps, however, as some assert, the Nile will be easier for small craft when at its lowest. Semneh, eight miles from Sarras, was reached on the third day. The Cataract here is, to some extent, worthy of the name. The river evidently passes over a ledge of rock deep at the bottom, but still sufficient to cause a fall, over which the boats have to be hauled by manual labour. Here three hundred of the Mudir of Dongola's men are stationed for the work, and as we showed round the bend of the river they swarmed down to the beach to meet us. The boat was lightened of most of its cargo, and then, laying on to a hawser, some two hundred yards long, and shouting and singing, the noisy half-naked mob soon pulled her over the fall. The Semneh Cataract, though honoured with a place on the map, will not prove so serious an obstacle to the Expedition as the nameless rapids described above."

Lord Wolsey's army, possibly, may have no fighting to do when it gets up the Nile; but General Gordon is actively engaged in river steam-boat expeditions to drive his enemies out of the towns and villages below Khartoum, some of which he has bombarded. The Engraving presented for our Extra Supplement is designed to show the probable character of such incidents; and that entitled "An Ambush of Arabs" will serve to illustrate the nature of guerrilla warfare in the Soudan.

BIRTH.

On the 8th inst., at 43, Sloane-street, S.W., the wife of Oscar de Satgè, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

On the 7th inst., at Kildallon Church, county Cavan, by the Rev. J. C. Martin, A.M., Killeshandra, uncle of the bride, and the Ven. Archdeacon of Kilmore, Rector of the parish, the Rev. Frederick William Bamford, Rector of Killoughter, county Cavan, to Agatha Mant, eldest daughter of the late R. H. Clifford, Esq., Bengal Civil Service, of Newtown, county Kilkenny, and Greenville, county Cavan.

On the 16th inst., at St. Mark's, North Audley-street, by the Rev. George Graham, Vicar of Bexley Heath, Kent, assisted by the Rev. J. M. Ayre, Vicar of St. Mark's, Alfred William Thomas Bean, eldest son of Alfred W. Bean, Esq., J.P., of Danson Park, Welling, Kent, to Kate, third daughter of John Aird, Esq., of 14, Hyde Park-terrace, W., and Llansilio Hall, Llangollen, North Wales.

On the 18th inst., at St. Stephen's, South Kensington, by the Rev. T. T. Bazely, M.A., assisted by the Rev. J. P. Waldo, Vicar of Whitley Stokes, C.S.I., late Law Member of the Council of the Governor-General of India, to Elizabeth, third daughter of the late William Temple, Esq.

DEATHS.

On Aug. 21, 1884, at Ludhiana, Punjab, India, Alice Anne, wife of Brevet-Colonel Henry Vansittart Riddell, Bengal Infantry, and Officiating Deputy Commissioner.

On the 12th inst., at The Grange, Earl's Barton, Northampton, Herbert William, infant son of Charles Herbert Hornby.

On the 20th inst., at Rolvenden, Kent, Robert Murray Rumsey, late Colonial Secretary, St. Kitts, West Indies, aged 74.

* * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

ANNO DOMINI, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This great work is NOW ON VIEW, together with other important works, at the GALLERIES, 188, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW ON VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 10, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

THE BRIGHTON SEASON.

Art Loan Exhibition at Royal Pavilion open every week-day. Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington, Chelsea, &c. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets, at Cheap Rates. Available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton. Pullman Drawing-room Cars between Victoria and Brighton. Through Bookings to Brighton from principal Stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

BRIGHTON EVERY WEEK-DAY (except Brighton Race Days, Oct. 28 and 29).—A First Class Cheap Train from Victoria, 10 a.m., Day Return Tickets 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car; available to return by the 5.45 p.m. Pullman Express-Train, or by any later Train.

BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY.—First Class Cheap Trains: from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.50 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 1s. A Pullman Drawing-room Car is run in the 10.45 a.m. Train from Victoria to Brighton, returning from Brighton by the 8.40 p.m. Train. Special Cheap Fare from Victoria, including Pullman Car, 12s., available by these Trains only.

BRIGHTON.—THE GRAND AQUARIUM.—EVERY SATURDAY, Cheap First Class Trains from Victoria at 10.40 and 11.40 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction, and from London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12.5 p.m., calling at East Croydon. Day Return Fare—First Class, Half a Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion.

PARIS.—SHORTEST CHEAPEST ROUTE.

Via NORTHERN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN. Cheap Express Service Week-days and Sundays. From Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. Fares—Single, 3s., 2s., 1s.; Return, 5s., 4s., 3s. Powerful Paddle steamers, with excellent cabins, &c. Trains run alongside steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe. SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.—Tourists' Tickets are issued, enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest.

TICKETS and every information at Brighton Company's West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and Grand Hotel Building; Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's, Ludgate-circus Office; also at Victoria and London Bridge Stations. (By order) J. F. KNIGHT, General Manager.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK.

Now Ready.

The Illustrated London Almanack for 1885, containing Six Coloured Pictures, by F. De Neck, F. H. Pavy, and G. O. Harrison, enclosed in a Beautifully Coloured Wrapper, printed by Leighton Brothers' Chromatic Process; Twenty-four Fine-Art Engravings; Astronomical Occurrences, with Explanatory Notes; and a great variety of Useful Information for reference throughout the Year, is published at the Office of the "Illustrated London News."

Post-Office Orders, &c., payable to Ingram Brothers.

Price One Shilling; Postage, Twopence-Halfpenny.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry-street, W. LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY. Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Edgar Bruce. EVERY EVENING, at a Quarter to Eight, the Play *Caliban*, in Twenty Minutes, called SIX AND EIGHTPENCE. At a Quarter-past Eight, a New Play, written by Messrs. Hugh Conway and Conyns Carr, entitled CALLED BACK, adapted from Mr. Hugh Conway's very successful story of that name. For cast see daily papers. New scenery and costumes. Doors open at Half-past Seven. Carriages at Eleven. No fees. Box-Office open daily from Eleven to Five. MATINEE of CALLED BACK, SATURDAY, NOV. 1, at 2.30.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS OF

THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS' NEW PROGRAMME. All the new songs and all the new and screaming comic sketches received with the greatest enthusiasm by houses crowded to repletion. Return of the inimitable and justly popular comedian, Mr. G. W. MOORE. Performances all the year round. EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT; DAY PERFORMANCES EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at THREE, as well. Doors open for Day Performance at 2.30; for Night, ditto at 7.30. Organ music run direct from the Exhibition to the doors of St. James's Hall. Prices of Admission: 1s., 2s., 3s., and 5s. No fees.

THE COURT.

At the Council held by the Queen at Balmoral on Friday, last week, the Speech from the Throne, delivered at the opening of Parliament, was submitted and approved by her Majesty. The Queen attended Divine service on Sunday afternoon in Crathie parish church, and was accompanied by Princess Beatrice, Princess Alice of Hesse, and Lady Southampton (Lady-in-Waiting), and two other ladies. It being the half-yearly Sacrament Sunday at Crathie, the Queen, with Princess Beatrice and the other ladies, received Holy Communion. The service was conducted by the Rev. A. Campbell, minister of Crathie. Lord Dufferin has gone to Balmoral on a visit to the Queen, previous to his departure for India. Until Nov. 5 the Court will wear mourning for the late Duke of Brunswick, second cousin to her Majesty the Queen.

On the evening of Friday, last week, the Prince and Princess of Wales and the distinguished circle invited by Lord and Lady Hastings to meet their Royal Highnesses at Melton Constable again visited Norwich, for the purpose of attending the last concert of the Norwich Musical Festival. Several of the principal buildings in the city were illuminated in honour of the occasion, and the leading thoroughfares were crowded. At the express wish of the Prince, portions of Mr. Mackenzie's "Rose of Sharon" were introduced into the programme. The Prince and Princess returned to Marlborough House last Saturday afternoon; and on Sunday the Prince and Princess, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, were present at Divine service. On Monday the Prince and Princess were present at the marriage, at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, of the Marquis of Stafford with Lady Millicent St. Clair Erskine, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Rosslyn. Their Royal Highnesses went afterwards to the wedding breakfast at 2, Hamilton-place, Piccadilly. The Grand Duke of Hesse and Princess Irene, and Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg visited the Prince and Princess of Wales previous to their departure for Germany. Lord Suffield left London for Germany in the evening for the purpose of representing the Prince and Princess of Wales at the funeral of the Landgrave of Hesse at Rumpenheim, and the Prince of Wales at the funeral of the Duke of Brunswick at Brunswick.

ART NOTES.

In the Fine-Art Society's rooms, at 148, New Bond-street, a most interesting exhibition has been opened, consisting of nearly three hundred sketches by Mr. Ernest George, already well known as an etcher, and still better known as an architect. In the selection and treatment of his subjects Mr. George proves himself to be a thorough artist, these sketches being remarkable for picturesque brightness of colouring, freedom of execution, and for happily chosen points of view. They include views in Belgium and Holland, France, Switzerland, Germany, Italy, Spain, and Scotland; in which last section, by-the-by, the catalogue includes "St. Giles's, Cripplegate, London." In addition to being a first-rate designer of new houses, Mr. George is a capital sketcher of old ones.

Messrs. Dowdeswell and Dowdeswell, 133, New Bond-street, have on view studies from nature in oil, by Mr. Ernest Parton, and a series of drawings of the east coast of England, by Mr. Charles Robertson.

A new and spacious gallery, called the Hanover Gallery, 47, New Bond-street, has been opened by Messrs. Hollender and Cremelli with a collection of foreign pictures, among which will be found works by Isabey, Corot, Meissonier, Israels, and others.

The Photographic Society's exhibition, at 5A, Pall-mall East, is excellent in all respects, but from want of space we are unable to give a detailed criticism of the large number of works deserving notice.

An exhibition of cabinet pictures in oil by the Dudley Gallery Art Society will be opened next Monday at the Egyptian Hall.

Next Saturday has been appointed for the private view of the autumn exhibition of the Nineteenth Century Art Society, at the Conduit-street Galleries, and the exhibition will be open to the public on Monday, Nov. 3.

Messrs. Marion and Co. have brought out an album of a novel kind, which bids fair to become popular. It is called the "Celebrities Album," and each alternate page has groups of well-executed portraits of persons distinguished in politics, religion, literature, and art, leaving the possessor of the volume to crown the selection by making the celebrity of his choice the centrepiece. The catholicity of the plan will render this tastefully got up album an acceptable addition to the drawing-room table of persons of every shade of opinion.

The Beaumont Album, the newest artistic novelty, charms by its chaste simplicity. The pages have broad margins of Turnbull's celebrated water-colour drawing-boards, assorted white and various tints, so that the portrait of each friend may be surrounded by his or her own artistic work, or favourite flower or design; and there are four pages (two at each end) of vellum cardboard, for pen-and-ink work, illumination, inscription, or dedication. The binding is in plain Levant morocco or calf, prepared for painting in oils, the clasp being a patent expanding one. This handsome album is issued by Messrs. Turnbull, of Beaumont Mill, Leyton, Essex.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has accepted the office of president of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, Old Kent-road and Margate, in the place of the late Duke of Buccleuch.

MUSIC.

THE NORWICH MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

Our last week's notice of this great music-meeting was necessarily incomplete, as the performances did not terminate until the Friday evening (Oct. 17). The most important novelty was Mr. A. C. Mackenzie's dramatic oratorio, "The Rose of Sharon"; composed expressly for the Festival and produced on the Thursday morning. The text has been selected from Holy Scripture, and arranged in form for musical purposes by Mr. Joseph Bennett, whose literary powers and acquaintance with the musician's art (a rare combination) eminently fit him for the task. His book is laid out in four parts, comprising a series of scenes dealing with the well-known scriptural love song, preceded by a prologue and followed by an epilogue. The four divisions are entitled, respectively, "Separation," "Temptation," "Victory," and "Reunion." The characters supposed to be represented by the solo vocalists are the Sulamite (soprano), a Woman (contralto), the Beloved (tenor), King Solomon (baritone), and an Elder and an Officer (both bass). Mr. Mackenzie's essay is the most important of all his productions. He had previously gained distinction by several works—orchestral and other chamber music—and more recently by his grand opera "Colomba," brought out at Drury Lane Theatre by Mr. Carl Rosa last year, and afterwards performed abroad with success. The distinction thus gained justified the commission given by the directors of the Norwich Festival for a work of still more ambitious aim—one dealing with a subject from sacred history. "The Rose of Sharon" contains much beautiful and impressive music. The vocal writing—both for the soloists and the chorus—is fluent and effective; the orchestral details being throughout full of picturesque colouring and contrast. The occasional recurrence of prominent representative phrases gives a good effect of unity and coherence. Of the pieces for solo voices, we may specify the expressive prologue for contralto and other passages for that voice; the beautiful love passages for the Sulamite and the Beloved in the first scene; the subsequent duets for them, especially that in the fourth part; the several solos for Solomon, particularly that in which he addresses the Sulamite; and the duet for her and the King in the third part. Some of the choral movements are very effective, among these being the Vintagers' choruses, respectively of gladness and lamentation, those in the great scene of the Procession of the Ark, and those of the closing portion of the oratorio, including the choral epilogue in which the moral is conveyed. The solo singers were Miss Emma Nevada (the Sulamite), Madame Patey (a Woman), Mr. E. Lloyd (the Beloved), Mr. Santley (Solomon), and Mr. Thorndike (an Elder and an Officer). Miss Emma Nevada made a far better impression on this occasion than in her first appearance in "Elijah" on the opening night of the Festival. The love music of the Sulamite was given with charming grace and refinement, and sustained, if it did not enhance, the great success obtained by the young lady at the miscellaneous concert of the previous evening, to be hereafter referred to. The music assigned to the other singers named was also excellently given. In "The Rose of Sharon," Mr. Mackenzie appears to have been less influenced by the vagueness and indefiniteness of style now prevalent in the new German school than in some of his previous works, and his success has been consequently greater. Its performance was conducted by himself, and its enthusiastic reception promises well for its future acceptance elsewhere. It will be given in London, for the first time, by the Sacred Harmonic Society on Nov. 7.

The performance of Gounod's "Redemption" (its first hearing in Norwich) calls for but brief remark. The soprano solo music was sung with much refinement by Miss Nevada, the principal contralto, tenor, and baritone music having been, as often before, finely rendered, respectively, by Madame Patey, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley. Mr. Thorndike rendered valuable co-operation by his effective delivery of the bass narrations, and Miss Damian was of service in some of the concerted pieces. The last day's performance, yesterday (Friday) week, consisted of "The Messiah," in which Miss Nevada sang the soprano solos of the first part, those of the second part having been allotted to Miss A. Williams. The other principal vocalists were Madame Patey, Miss Damian, Mr. Maas, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Thorndike.

Mr. C. V. Stanford's "Elegiac Ode"—produced at the first of the miscellaneous evening concerts—is a setting of words by Walt Whitman, for solos, chorus, and orchestra—the verses being taken from President Lincoln's Burial Hymn by the American writer. The music consists of opening and closing choruses, a soprano solo (with chorus), and a baritone solo. Although the prevailing tone is, necessarily, sombre, there is yet much contrast of style, and a sustaining interest that precludes any feeling of weariness, the work not being unduly prolonged. The vocal writing is highly effective, both in its solo and its choral details, and the orchestral accompaniments are rich in contrast and colour. The soloists were Miss A. Williams and Mr. Thorndike, who gave their music with high efficiency. The work was conducted by the composer, and was enthusiastically received. It will probably soon have to be spoken of again in reference to its London performance. At the same concert Miss Nevada made a very great impression by her admirable singing in the Couplets du Myosli, from Félicien David's opera, "La Perle du Brésil." It is, apparently, in the style of florid bravura music that this young lady's power chiefly lies. On the occasion now referred to, her pure quality of voice, extensive upper range, finished execution, and exquisite refinement of style, were displayed with triumphant success. The accompanying flute obligato was played to perfection by Mr. Svendsen. At the miscellaneous evening concert of Thursday evening Miss Nevada obtained another great success by her fine rendering of the Rondo finale of "La Sonnambula," her crowning triumph having been at the closing evening concert on Friday (yesterday) week, when she sang the mad scena from "Lucia di Lammermoor," with transcendent effect. Here, again, the important flute obligato of Mr. Svendsen was a prominent and valuable feature. The appearance of Sir Julius Benedict at the Thursday evening concert was hailed with acclamations. The veteran composer conducted the performances of his new march, "Camp Life," and the scena and finale from his "Legend of St. Cecilia," in which the refined singing of Miss Nevada was a feature. The work just named was produced at the Norwich Festival of 1866, Sir J. Benedict having been the conductor of these celebrations from 1842 until that of 1878, when he retired in favour of Mr. Randegger. A bright madrigal by Mr. Barnby, and pleasing part-songs, respectively, by Dr. Hill and Dr. Bunnett, were among the festival novelties—each of these having been directed by its composer. Classical and popular symphonies, overtures, and other orchestral pieces, a violin solo brilliantly played by Mr. Carrodus, and more or less familiar vocal pieces, were features at the miscellaneous evening concerts besides those already mentioned. With the exceptions specified, Mr. Randegger conducted the festival performances (it need not be said with zeal and ability), Dr. Bunnett having presided at the organ with efficiency. The administrative arrangements were excellent.



GORDON'S WARFARE ON THE NILE.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"HAMLET" AT THE PRINCESS'S.

The immediate and unqualified success achieved by the production by Mr. Wilson Barrett at the Princess's on Thursday, Oct. 16, of Shakspeare's tragedy of Hamlet, with the actor-manager himself as the still inscrutable Prince of Denmark, may be considered as due to two leading causes. In the first place, Mr. Wilson Barrett has with equally happy skill and audacity largely altered the ordinary acting version, not with the intent of further curtailing, mutilating, and "Bowdlerising" the poet's text, but of giving back to Shakspeare that which is Shakspeare's own, and of which, so far as the modern stage is concerned, he has been deprived by the stupidity of dramatic hacks, or by the egregious vanity of actors who, paraphrasing in their minds the notable saying about Eclipse, the race-horse, resolved that, in the case of the performance of Shakspeare's masterpiece, that it should be "Hamlet first, and the rest nowhere." Mr. Austin Brereton, in his just published and very valuable monograph, "Some famous Hamlets from Burbage to Fechter," has told us of the fantastic alterations which Garrick, in his old age, made in the grandest of English tragedies. He thought the first act too long, and divided it into two. He entirely changed the scenes in which the King and Laertes conspire to kill Hamlet, so as to make Laertes' character more estimable. He left the audience in ignorance of Ophelia's fate; and the Queen, instead of being poisoned on the stage, was led from her throne, and was "said to have become insane from a sense of her guilt." When Hamlet attacked the King, in the last scene, the latter drew his sword, defended himself, and was killed in the encounter. Finally, the Gravediggers were wholly expunged from the play; Osric was as ruthlessly excised, and Laertes was provided with a "high falutin'" dying speech. Garrick's "revised version" soon fell into oblivion; but since his time there have been many pedantic or simply idiotic versions of "Hamlet" played and printed, so full of incongruities, suppressions, and obscurities as fully to justify the query of the perplexed French spectator who, when the final co-operative butchery was over, asked, "*Mais pourquoi cet abattoir, dirigé par Monsieur Osric?*" Mr. Wilson Barrett has, so far as ever he could, given us not the pedant's, or the prompter's, or the conceited actor's acting version, but Shakspeare's; and the strange but pleasing result has been that a tragedy, which on the stage may to many seem stilted, artificial, and cloudy, becomes a most picturesque and animated melodramatic play, quite coherent and sequential, and full of the liveliest human interest. The episode of the murder of Polonius, and its consequences in the sedition led by Laertes, is, by the restoration of long-omitted scenes, clearly and fully set forth; more scope and verge are given to the characters of the King and Queen, and more light (complete illumination is impossible) is thrown on the relations of Hamlet and Ophelia than has been ventured upon for many a long year; and the final catastrophe is naturally and not violently suggested. To very many of the spectators—merely playgoers and not Shakspearean scholars—who have crowded the Princess's since Thursday, the Sixteenth inst., "Hamlet," owing to the sensible and generous restorations effected by Mr. Wilson Barrett, may have seemed, comparatively speaking, a new play. And it is certain that they liked the new play immensely, although all that seemed new was Shakspeare's glorious and immortal own.

The second reason for the unmingled success of the tragedy lies in the singularly novel, intelligent, and original presentation of the character of the Prince of Denmark. I have seen many Hamlets, and have a distinct remembrance of them all. Macready, magnificent in elocution, but uneasily and sometimes grotesquely melodramatic (as in the pocket-handkerchief fluttering passage); Charles Kean, exceptionally graceful and romantic in early youth, harsh and cynical in age; Phelps, Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, Creswick, Barry Sullivan, Fechter, and Henry Irving—the last two supremely princely, tender, and emotional. And I have heard Charles Young and Charles Kemble read Hamlet. I do not intend to compare Mr. Wilson Barrett's Hamlet with that of any previous impersonator of the part. A few living playgoers may remember Edmund Kean in the character. The elder Booth, George Frederick Cooke, Macklin, Garrick, John Kemble belong in their Hamlets as hopelessly to ancient history as do Burbage, Taylor, and Betterton. But I can frankly say of Mr. Wilson Barrett's rendering of the part that I never before saw anything like it. He has at least created a Hamlet of his own; and the performance seems to me in the highest degree natural, intelligent, and artistic. He has, it is true, left the spiritual side of the part pretty much where he found it. The psychological character of the Royal Dane is, and must continue to be, an insoluble mystery. Mr. John Cordy Jeaffreson has found out nearly all that is discoverable, perhaps, about "the Real Lord Byron"; but the secret of the "Real Lord Hamlet" is locked up with the dust and ashes in that grave at Stratford-on-Avon. Succeeding generations of tragedians have laboured to conceal their inability to fathom the mystery of Hamlet's being by giving him now a classical and didactic, now a dreamy and romantic, individuality. Now he has stalked and solemnised, towering in sable plumes, majestic and austere, with the Danish Order of the Elephant round his neck, as he does in Sir Thomas Lawrence's picture of John Kemble. Now he has ranted and roared, mouthed and sputtered, thrown himself into antic attitudes, or burst into fits of hysterical weeping. All this has been mainly dust thrown in the public eyes. The actor seemed to be continually saying, "I must not, for occult reasons, tell you precisely what manner of man Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, really was; but you must gather it from my tricks and my manners." There is neither manner nor trick about Mr. Wilson Barrett's Hamlet. The poses of Claudian, the studied mournfulness of the Silver King, have disappeared. Mr. Barrett's Hamlet is altogether natural and unaffected. We see a very young man—eager, restless, impulsive, impetuous, full of loving and lovable qualities, prompt to forget and forgive, implacable and ruthless only towards the murderer of his father, the obligation to revenge whose death has been laid upon him by supernatural command. The magnificent speeches assigned to him he delivers easily, gracefully, and with perfect elocution, but wholly unconventionally, and, as it were, incidentally. There is, in fine, throughout this noble performance distinct and pervading evidence that the actor is thinking much less of Wilson Barrett, tragedian, than of William Shakspeare, Poet of all Time; and that he is working heart and soul to place before us "The Tragical Historie of Hamlette" as Shakspeare meant it to be played, and not merely in a manner most conducive to the principal character having the stage to himself during the major part of the evening. Devotees of the classical school of declamation may object that Mr. Wilson Barrett's delivery of the "To Be or Not to Be" soliloquy was slightly undignified. So it was from the strictly classical point of view. It would scarcely have pleased the excellent Hannah More, who remarked of Garrick's Hamlet that "Whether in the simulation of madness, in the sinkings of despair, in the familiarity of friendship, or the meltings of tenderness, he never once forgot he was a Prince; and in every variety of situation and transition of feelings, you discovered

the highest polish of good breeding and courtly manners." Whether it was consonant with the highest polish of good breeding and good manners among the Princes of Hannah More's time to indulge, as Hamlet does, in the grossest *doubles entendres* in the presence of ladies; to describe with loathsome particularity the decomposition of a murdered corpse; and to allude to the ghost of his father as a "True-penny" in "the cellarage," must be left to students of the Georgian era. Mr. Wilson Barrett was certainly not conventionally princely; but there may have been Princes quite as outspoken and as animated as he is at many mediæval courts besides that of Elsinore.

Mr. Wilson Barrett was supported with tolerable efficiency. Miss Eastlake, as Ophelia, revealed in the mad-scene a gleam of true dramatic genius. Otherwise, she was vaporous and nebulous—very graceful and floating in mien, but mainly unsubstantial. Miss Margaret Leighton—whose comely port and visage might excite the enthusiastic admiration of M. Max O'Rell—was not half matronly enough. Mr. E. S. Willard, as the King—usually a ponderous and morose villain—acted as an alert and vivacious man of the world, with a propensity to commit capital offences. I never saw a portrait of the poisoner Wainwright, the "Janus Weathercock" of the *London Magazine*; but Mr. Willard looked as one might suppose Wainwright to have looked in his palmy days. Mr. John Dewhurst was respectable as the Ghost, and Mr. Clifford Cooper was most painstaking and discriminating as Polonius. Mr. J. R. Crauford made no particular mark as Horatio; but Mr. Frank Cooper, as Laertes, acted with some vigour. It is almost needless to say that that excellent comedian Mr. George Barrett was admirable as the First Gravedigger. Miss Mary Dickens played very quietly and gracefully the small, but responsible, part of the Player Queen. The tragedy was carefully and expensively mounted; but is a pity that the "archæologist" did not see his way to making the costumes of the male characters less hideous. With exception of Hamlet and Polonius, I have rarely looked upon such a set of guys as those whom archæological accuracy has placed on the stage of the Princess's. But after all, "The Play's the Thing;" and after that, Mr. Wilson Barrett, whose interpretation of Hamlet is the boldest and the most triumphantly successful that has been seen for many a day.

The Alhambra has been transformed by the arch-magicians of the Middlesex Bench into a Theatre of Varieties. As such, the commodious place of entertainment in Leicester-square promises to become hugely popular. Under the skilful Musical Directorship of M. Jacobi, who has under him a splendid orchestra, and the experienced Acting Management of Mr. Charles Morton, the new era in the fortunes of this house has begun most auspiciously. At the Alhambra, it is possible to assist at a richly diversified series of light and attractive performances without being discommoded—that is, in the selector parts, as is sometimes the case in the overcrowded Music-Halls. The opening programme, framed with a liberal hand, boasts, in addition to the choregraphic spectacles for which the Alhambra is famous, a brilliantly played overture from Auber's "Masaniello" to start with; the arch serio-comic singing of a graceful and comely vocalist, Miss Jessie Acton; an amusing comic pantomime by the droll Rowella Troupe; the Musical Eccentricities of "The Four Gees"; a spirited selection from Gounod's "Faust," charmingly rendered by the excellent band; the humorous songs of vivacious Miss Bessie Bonehill; the bold trapèze feats of M. Gaspary; the enthusiastically applauded ditties of quaint and funny Mr. Arthur Roberts; and, among other things, very good in their way, the really wonderful pigeon-charming exhibition of Mlle. Eugénie Garetta, a remarkably clever young lady from the Paris Hippodrome. The terpsichorean festivals of the Alhambra remain unrivalled. Alluring and captivating in the extreme is the Grand Rustic Ballet, in which the flower of the choregraphic corps featly go through the difficult Maypole and Morris Dances; likewise the lively Kermesse Ballet, of which Mlle. Palladino is the bright particular star.

The Canterbury Theatre of Varieties, it should be stated in correction of an error which crept into last week's Number, continues, under the skilful management of Mr. A. Thiodon, to provide abundant recreation to South Londoners in the Westminster-bridge-road.

Mr. Augustus Harris, having become sole proprietor of "The World" (surely, enough to satisfy the ambition of the Augustan ruler of Drury Lane himself), will take the successful spherical drama on a provincial tour.

Miss Mary Anderson appears in Mr. W. S. Gilbert's "Pygmalion and Galatea" for the last time for the present at the Lyceum matinee to-day (October the Twenty-fifth). The Lyceum will then be closed for the final rehearsals of "Romeo and Juliet," in which Miss Anderson will appear next Saturday, the First of November. G. A. S.

Mr. Mackenzie Wallace has been appointed private secretary to the Earl of Dufferin, the new Viceroy of India.

Hood's Comic Annual for 1885, published on Wednesday, contains numerous contributions in prose and verse by authors of note, and is copiously illustrated by artists of mark.

Headed by Mrs. Wallis, the Mayoress of Eastbourne, ladies stationed themselves last Saturday in the central parts of the town and at the public buildings, where collections were made on behalf of the local hospital erected to the memory of Princess Alice. The experiment was a great success.

Mr. W. F. Thomas, the lessee, has placed the Covent-Garden Theatre at the disposal of the executors of the Licensed Victuallers' School and Asylum for a benefit, on Monday next, the 27th inst., when the whole receipts will be devoted to the funds of these extensive institutions.

Mr. E. A. Freeman, the Regius Professor of Modern History, gave his inaugural lecture on the 15th inst., to an audience that crowded the large lecture-room of the Oxford University Museum, and included the Vice-Chancellor and most of the heads of houses, and professors.

At Oxford on Saturday last Mr. Ruskin gave the first lecture of a series on "The Pleasures of England," in which he proposes to arrive at a just estimate of artistic life in this country as developed in the past and existent in the present. The exordium of this scheme contained a description of the "Pleasures of Learning," as exemplified in the patient and reverent search after Christian truth and human beauty by the early Saxons in England.

A good-service pension of £150 a year has been awarded by the Lords of the Admiralty to Captain James W. East, vacant by the retirement on the 14th inst. of Captain Frank T. Thomson.—A good-service pension of £100 a year has been presented to Major-General D. J. Gamble, who recently relinquished the command of the troops stationed in the West Indies, in recognition of his Crimean and New Zealand war service, and staff service at Dover, Aldershot, &c.—The Lieutenant's Naval Pension of £50 a year, vacant by the death of Commander William T. Standbridge, has been awarded to Commander Henry E. C. Robinson.

NATIONAL SPORTS.

A highly successful meeting took place at Sandown Park at the end of last week, when there was a larger and more fashionable attendance than has been seen there at the corresponding fixture in any previous year. Nearly every stake was contested by good fields, but the only one to which we need refer is the Great Sapling Plate, for which there were ten runners. Mr. Hammond has been so irresistible of late, that it was not surprising that his Alaska should have been made favourite, especially as she had run well recently, and escaped with only 8 st. 6 lb. to carry. Next in demand came Royal Hampton, who was the best representative of quality, but had to concede Alaska no less than 20 lb. He ran well under his big weight, but not so well as Hopscotch, and both of them had to strike their flags to Dame Agnes, who was burdened with 9 st. 7 lb., and must be very near the top of the tree. We cannot take leave of the meeting without congratulating the authorities on their enterprise in producing an entirely new style of race-card. It is in book form, and, in addition to all the usual information, gives the complete performances of every animal engaged in each stake. Those enthusiastic followers of public form who may be seen at every meeting with a card in one hand, a Calendar in the other, and a collection of all the tips of all the prophets in their pockets, will fully appreciate this innovation, and the Sandown Park executive may expect plenty of the "sincerest form of flattery" in the shape of imitation.

There was only a poor muster at Newmarket on Monday, and, as racing on that day has become so thoroughly unpopular in all quarters, we trust that sooner or later the Jockey Club will see fit to discountenance it. Every race on Monday, and the first four on Tuesday, were won by the first favourite, and each of the ten winners was ridden by Archer or Wood, so that the backers had a wonderful time of it, and several well-known members of the ring discontinued business for the week. Though there were eight starters for the Criterion Stakes, the brilliant performance of Melton in the Middle Park Plate appeared to leave this event quite at his mercy, and, taking the lead at the Red Post, he cantered home a length and a half in front of Golden Ray; Langwell and Risingham cut up very badly again, and it is difficult to understand how the former of the pair ever managed to win the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster. Though there were only eighteen runners for the Cambridgeshire, which is the smallest field that has gone to the post for that race since Ralph beat seventeen opponents in 1842, great interest was felt in the result, and betting was fast and furious right up to the fall of the flag. At the finish Florence (9 st. 1 lb.) had a fractional call of everything, and the money was piled on Prism (9 st. 7 lb.) to such an extent that he was brought to 7 to 1. A splendid start was effected at the third attempt, and the pace was so good from the outset that, fully a quarter of a mile from home, everything was hopelessly out of it except the three placed horses, Archiduc (8 st. 9 lb.), and Sandiway (7 st. 9 lb.). The last-named pair were done with at the distance, where Florence and Bendigo (8 st. 2 lb.) drew away by themselves, and ran a desperate home, the filly staying the better of the pair, and winning by a short head. Pizarro (7 st. 3 lb.) gained third place, six lengths behind Bendigo, and Archiduc and Sandiway were next. Mr. Hammond—the modern Midas—has thus accomplished another best on record, by winning the Cambridgeshire with an animal carrying a heavier weight than any previous winner has ever been burdened with; and such a run of luck as he has enjoyed this year is without parallel in the history of the turf. Prism performed fairly well, but Sandiway's defeat was one more proof of the very moderate calibre of the St. Leger field, and Macheath cut up as badly as bottled-up horses generally do.

On Wednesday the Stand Handicap went to Glen Albyn (9 st.), who still retains a nice dash of speed; and Domino (7 st. 13 lb.) continued his winning career by carrying off the New Nursery Stakes from a dozen opponents. After his brilliant victory in the Criterion Stakes on Monday, Melton was not pulled out again for the Dewhurst Plate, for which there were ten runners. Odds of 5 to 4 were taken about Xaintrailles, but he had not the smallest chance with the Sterling—Casuistry colt, who thus atoned for his poor performance in the Middle Park Plate, and ran up to his private trial. Cora, indeed, proved too good for the French colt, and this in spite of the fact that she was slightly amiss.

W. G. George's second attempt to beat Deerfoot's one hour record proved a failure, and he is not likely to run again for some time to come, as he will shortly start for Australia, where it is possible he may decide to settle down. The final meeting of the London Athletic Club will take place this (Saturday) afternoon, when an interesting programme will be run through at Stamford-bridge.

Professional billiard-players are hard at work at the Agricultural Hall and the Palais Royal, Argyll-street; but, at the time of writing, neither tournament is nearly finished. Up Islington way, Mitchell and Peall seem to have matters pretty much in their own hands; and, at the opposition show, John Roberts, jun., has given one or two magnificent exhibitions.

Mr. T. Mosse Macdonald has been appointed secretary to King's College Hospital.

Sir John A. Macdonald, K.C.B., the Prime Minister of the Dominion, has arrived in London from Canada.

At the Mansion House on Monday evening, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress received a large gathering of members of the Young Men's Christian Association at a conversazione.

The distress at Sunderland is reported to be becoming more and more intensified as weeks go by, and labour becomes scarcer. Want and misery and starvation, despite the efforts of the relief committees, are daily increasing. The subscriptions received to the relief fund have considerably increased.

The Duke of Abercorn presided at the conferring of degrees of the Royal University of Ireland, in Dublin, on Wednesday. An unusually interesting part of the proceedings will be the admission of nine young ladies to the degree of B.A.; and a musical exercise, composed by another young lady for her degree in music, will be performed.

The sixth annual National Exhibition and Market of Brewers', Licensed Victuallers', and Mineral Water Trade Machinery and Appliances, which opened at the Agricultural Hall on Monday, is pronounced to be the most thoroughly representative of the series. One of the galleries is used for a billiard tournament, in which all the champions will take part.

The Tichborne Claimant, whose conviction for perjury dates from Feb. 28, 1874, was released on a ticket-of-leave last Monday from Pentonville Prison, whither he had been removed on the previous night. The Claimant, in company with Mr. Quartermaine East, drove in a cab to Scotland-yard, where the usual formalities were gone through preliminary to the issue of a ticket-of-leave, and he was then discharged. He has prepared a "manifesto" to the electors of the United Kingdom, complaining that his imprisonment was the result of a "conspiracy."



THE NILE EXPEDITION: AN AMBUSH OF ARABS.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated April 8, 1879), with a codicil (dated June 1, 1882), of the Right Hon. Lord Claud Hamilton, P.C., late of No. 83, Portland-place, who died on June 3 last, was proved on the 4th inst. by Lady Elizabeth Emma Hamilton, the widow, and Douglas James Hamilton, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £12,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 and all his wines, horses, carriages, live and dead stock, to his wife; and his leasehold residence, with the plate, books, pictures, furniture and effects, to her, for life. On his wife's death, he gives his plate and plated articles to his son. There are annuities to his two married daughters, Mrs. Tyndall and Mrs. Tolle-mache, during his wife's lifetime, and legacies to them on her death. The residue of the personalty is to be held, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his son and unmarried daughter.

The will (dated July 29, 1884) of the Right Rev. Piers Calvey Cloughton, D.D., Archdeacon of London and Chaplain-General to the Forces, formerly Bishop of St. Helena, and afterwards of Colombo, Ceylon, late of No. 2, Northwick-terrace, St. John's-wood, who died on Aug. 11 last, was proved on the 1st inst. by Mrs. Fanny Sarah Cloughton, the widow, and sole executrix, to whom he leaves all his real and personal estate. The value of the personal estate amounts to over £8000.

The will (dated April 1, 1884), with a codicil (dated July 15 following), of Mr. Michael Sichel, late of No. 25, Prince's-gardens, who died on Aug. 15 last, was proved on the 27th ult. by Julius Adolphus Reiss, George Emil Adolphus Reiss, and Walter Sydney Sichel, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £180,000. The testator bequeaths £500, and all his plate, books, pictures, wines, fur-niture, household effects, horses and carriages, to his wife, Mrs. Helena Sichel; 100 guineas to each of his executors; and £150 to his coachmen. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, for his wife, for life; in the event of her marrying again, the amount to be so held upon trust for her is fixed at £20,000; and, subject to such life interest, he gives the residue to his son, Walter Sydney, and his daughters, Amy Caroline, Edith Helen, Gertrude Mary, Minnie Cecilia, and Margaret Elais, the son's share to be double that of each of his daughters.

The will (dated July 27, 1881), with a codicil (dated June 18, 1883), of Mr. Alfred Bell, late of No. 49, Lincoln's-inn-fields, and of South Marston, Highworth, Wilts, who died on June 21 last, at Eastbourne, was proved on the 1st inst. by Miss Mary Louisa Ekins Bell and Miss Clara Georgiana Consett Bell, the daughters, Frederic William Steward, and George Ernest Steward, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £85,000. The testator leaves his leasehold house, No. 56, Gordon-square, with the furniture, plate, and effects, and all his freehold, copyhold, and leaseold property in the county of Hertford, to his second daughter, Miss Clara G. C. Bell; his mansion house at South Marston, with the furniture, plate, articles of virtu, live and dead stock, all his freehold, copyhold, and leasehold property in the counties of Wilts and York, and other counties, except Herts, to his eldest daughter, Miss Bell, and he bequeaths to her £2000; £11,000 to his third daughter, Mrs. Placilla Matilda Lindsell; £3500, upon trust, for his grand-daughter, Matilda Eliza Sarah Bell, the only child of his deceased son; and numerous legacies to relatives, trustees, friends, clerks, and servants. As to the residue of the personalty, he bequeaths one moiety to his eldest daughter, and the other moiety to his second daughter.

The will (dated March 10, 1882), with two codicils (dated Feb. 15, 1883, and June 27, 1884), of Mr. Robert Dickinson, late of Shotley House, Shotley Bridge, Durham, who died on the 9th ult., was proved on the 9th inst. by Edward Joshua Walker and Charles Henry Walker, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £70,000. The testator leaves two horses, two carriages, £1000, and all his household furniture, plate, books, and effects, to his daughter Miss Josephine Dickinson; £20,000, upon trust, for her, and his residence, Shotley House, until her marriage; £500 each to his daughters Mrs. Cavendish, Mrs. Walker, and Mrs. Todd; £20,000, upon trust, for his son, Thomas Bradley Dickinson, his wife, and children; and legacies to his executors and trustees. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his four daughters, in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 19, 1883) of Mr. Edward Samuel Dowling, late of No. 14, Holland Villas-road, Kensington, who died on July 26 last, was proved on the 26th ult. by Mrs. Martha Randall Dowling, the widow, Heber Dowling Ellis, M.D., and Clement Dowling, the nephews, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £34,000. The testator leaves £2000 and all his furniture, plate, and house-hold effects to his wife; £500 each to his sisters, Mrs. Marfell and Mrs. Greenly, and his brother, James Henry Dowling; £250 to his executors, Dr. Ellis and Mr. C. Dowling; and the residue of his real and personal estate, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife for life. At his wife's death he bequeaths £1000 each to his said brother and to his nephew Edward Greenly; £4000 each to his said sisters and to his nieces, Mary Rhoda Dowling and Emma Fennell; £2000 each to his nephews Theodore Edward Dowling, Ambrose Dowling, and Clement Dowling; £500 each to the North London or University College Hospital, and the Royal National Life-Boat Institution; and other legacies. The ultimate residue he gives to his nephew Heber Dowling Ellis.

The will (dated Jan. 23, 1883) of Mr. Charles Liles, late of Nos. 25 and 26, Hart-street, Covent-garden, and No. 32, Lamb's Conduit-street, wholesale provision merchant, and of No. 15, Maida-vale, who died on Aug. 2 last, at Lyme Regis, was proved on the 4th inst. by Charles Edgar Liles, the son, and William Joseph Fraser, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £28,000. The testator bequeaths £100 and his plate, books, furniture, and household effects, to his wife, Mrs. Ellen Liles; and legacies to his brother, sisters, his executor, Mr. Fraser, and to the manager of his business. The goodwill, stock-in-trade, capital, and book debts of his business he gives to his said son, subject to the payment of an annuity to his wife and to his brother and sisters. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, after payment of £100 per annum to his daughter, Beatrice Ellen, for his wife, for life or widowhood, and then for his said daughter.

We are requested to state that the legacy of £1000 referred to in the abstract of the late Mr. W. R. Mitchell's will, given last week, is *not* for the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb in the Old Kent-road, but for the British Asylum for Deaf and Dumb Females at Clapton.

Lord Wrottesley opened the Nicholson Institute at Leek on the 16th inst., in the presence of a large gathering. The building has been erected at the sole cost of Mr. Joshua Nicholson, head of the firm of Brough, Nicholson, and Co., silk manufacturers, Leek, and has cost £30,000. It embraces a free library, picture galleries, museum, and school of art.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "chess" written on the envelope.

A H T (Egremont).—A player can "castle" after his King has been checked, provided the King has not been moved.

Emmo (Darlington).—The two versions shall be compared.

E M (Westminster).—Thanks for the promise of your correspondence. We shall always be glad to hear from you.

L D (London).—The opening move of the solution of your problem is incorrect. A Bishop pined at Q 8th cannot be played to Kt 3rd. Send a corrected solution, and we shall be pleased to examine the problem.

J G G (Ealing).—Thanks for the end-game, which, if found interesting, shall soon appear.

A W C.—To be acknowledged in the first list, solutions should reach us not later than Friday morning. We do not know who are the publishers of Loyd's "Chess Strategy."

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2113 received from F E Gibbins (Tiflis); of Nos. 2112 and 2113 from Jacinto Magalhães (Oporto); of No. 2114 from Pierce Jones and B H C (Salisbury); of No. 2115 from Carl Friedleben, Edmund Field, Pierce Jones, New Forest, George Joicey, A W Cooper, and B H C (Salisbury); of the *Palace* Problem from Rev W Anderson (Old Romney), Pierce Jones, and Jumbo; of Herr Fonda's Problem from John Pritchard, Jumbo, Pierce Jones, and Elsie.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2116 received from the Rev W Anderson (Old Romney), J Hall, S Farrant, W Hillier, R J Vines, G W Law, H Wardell, W L Wrenford, R H Brooks, J T W, Joseph Ainsworth, A M Porter, R Gray, Hereward, J R (Edinburgh), G Seymour, Kitten, Aaron Harper, M O'Halloran, H Blacklock, L Desanges, B H Wood, W J Rudman, Elsie, N S Harris, A W Scrutton, R L Southwell, Carl Friedleben, George Joicey, Julia Short, A M Colborne, R T Kemp, L Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, Ben Nevis, C Oswald, Jupiter Junior, Plevna, E Louden, R J G, C W Milson, George Joicey, T Sinclair, G L Mayne, L Falcon (Antwerp), Gerald A Nathan, J K (South Hamstead), G S Oldfield, T G (Ware), Pierce Jones, E Casella (Paris), C B N (H.M.S. "Asia"), L L Greenaway, Otto Fulder (Ghent), P Ferris, A C Hunt, G Darragh, E E H, R Jessop, H Reeve, New Forest, James Pilkington, S P Reed (Dublin), Emmo (Darlington), E Featherstone, B H C (Salisbury), Jumbo, R Tweddell, D W Kell, W Warren, A D M L D, W Biddle, A W Cooper, Shadforth, and H A L S.

SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS.

No. 2115. WHITE. BLACK. 1. Q to K 8th K takes B* 2. Kt to K B 3rd K moves 3. Q mates. * If Black play 1. K to B 5th, then 2. Q to K 3rd, &c.

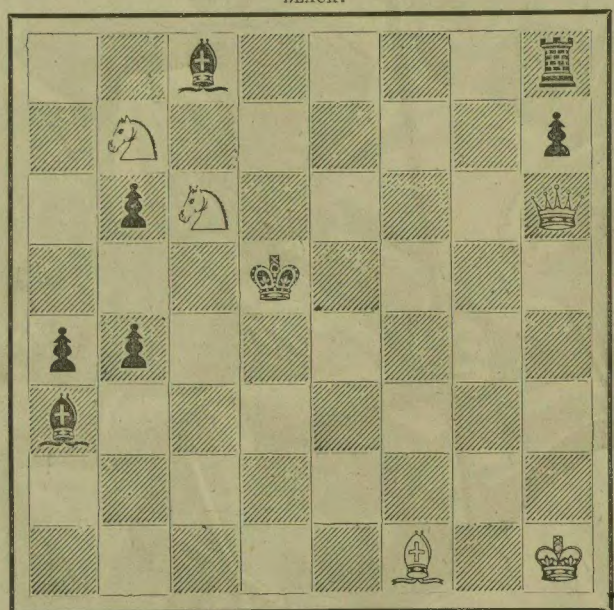
HERR FONDA'S PROBLEM. WHITE. BLACK. 1. Kt to R 4th K to B 5th* 2. Q to Kt 6th K moves 3. Q to B 5th. Mate. * If Black play 1. Kt to K B 5th, then 2. Kt to K B 3rd (ch); if 1. Kt to Kt 4th, then 2. Kt to Kt 6th (ch); and if 1. Kt to B 7th or Kt 8th, then 2. Q to Kt 6th, mating, in each case, on the following move.

"PALACE" PROBLEM. WHITE. BLACK. 1. Q to R 4th Any move 2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 2118.

By EDWARD MAZEIA.

BLACK.



WHITE. White to play, and mate in three moves.

One of a series of offhand Games played between Messrs. E. L. RAYMOND and F. MORLEY. (Vienna Game.)

WHITE (Mr. R.) BLACK (Mr. M.) 1. P to K 4th P to K 4th 2. Kt to Q B 3rd B to B 4th 3. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd 4. B to Kt 5th K Kt to K 2nd 5. Castles Castles 6. Kt takes P Kt takes Kt 7. P to Q 4th B takes P 8. Q takes B K Kt to Kt 3rd 9. Kt to K B 4th Kt to Kt 5th 10. P to K R 3rd Kt to K B 3rd 11. P to K 5th Kt to R 4th 12. P to B 5th Kt to R sq 13. Q to K Kt 4th and Black resigned.

In the correspondence match between Paris and Vienna, Paris is now represented by Messrs. Clero and Chamier. Herr Englisch has retired from the committee representing Vienna in the same match.

A match, ten a side, between the clubs of Greenwich and Ludgate Circus, played on the 16th inst., resulted in favour of Greenwich by six games to four.

A very fine composition by C. Dahl, of Copenhagen: White: K at Q R square, R at K B 6th, B at K 7th, Kt at Q R 6th, Pawns at Q 3rd and Q R 2nd. (Six pieces.) Black: K at Q R 6th, Kt at Q 4th; Pawns at Q R 4th and 5th, Q Kt 5th, and Q B 6th. (Six pieces.) White to play, and mate in four moves.

At the Royal College of Physicians last Saturday the Harveian oration was delivered by Dr. Russell Reynolds.

The delights of the angling season, at least for the trout-fisher, are past pleasures of this year; but those who have been in Dovedale, or who mean to go there next year, or some time or other, may read with much gratification a little shilling book, which Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. have just published. "An Amateur Angler's Days in Dovedale," written by "E. M.," who lives in London, and who dedicates his charming bit of personal narrative to his daughter and his grand-daughter, will certainly be preserved on many a shelf where Izaak Walton and Charles Cotton hold the most honoured place. Good old "Piscator" has still faithful disciples, literary as well as practical, in the present age.

A series of sixpenny pamphlets, printed and covered in a neat and attractive style, each containing about one hundred pages of topographical description, with a great number of wood engravings, is published by Messrs. Morton and Co., of Queen Victoria-street, City, under the title, "Illustrated Railway Guides." These inviting and really instructive books, which, being thin and flexible, are convenient articles for the pocket or portmanteau of a railway passenger, tell as much as some bound volumes do of the places along the route, for example, of the Midland, the Great Northern, the Great Eastern, the Great Western, the London and North-Western, the London and South-Western, the South-Eastern, the London, Chatham, and Dover, the Brighton and South Coast, and the Metropolitan Lines. There is also a Continental Guide, authorised by the South-Eastern Railway Company, for France, Switzerland, and Italy.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our Paris Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Oct. 21.

As in 1883, the Parliamentary year ends with three great questions—Tonquin, the deficit in the Budget, and the industrial crisis. On all these points, to judge from the newspapers of three weeks ago, the country was anxious to be informed, and the Government was pressed to convoke Parliament immediately. Now that the Chambers have met, all this noble ardour has disappeared. The sittings of last week were very brief. MM. Delafosse and Raoul Duval asked to interpellate the Government on China and Tonquin, and M. Lockroy on foreign politics; but there was no display of furious hostility against the Ministry, and the interpellations were accepted for reply when the Ministry asked for fresh credit. On Saturday M. De Roys interpellated the Government on its economical policy, but M. Ferry implicitly requested that the discussion of that matter should be adjourned until the presentation of special bills rendered it opportune. The past Parliamentary week is thus almost null.

Crime of all kinds is the order of the day. On the stage, in fiction, in reality, murder and assassination play a large rôle in the preoccupations of Paris, as of all great cities. The crime now absorbing all attention is, perhaps, only an imaginary crime, for it still figures in the papers as the "Mystery of Montreuil." A servant-maid, named Elisa Boehmer, disappeared three months ago, and no trace of her has been found. Her employer Pel, a clock-maker, is suspected of having killed her, and either calmed her body or cut it up into fragments, which he has buried here and there in the plain of Saint-Denis. Pel has been arrested, and the police are seeking evidence of the crime, if crime there be.

The necrology of the week includes a name dear to all lovers of old books, bibliophilism and bibliography, the name of Paul Lacroix, better known by his pseudonym of the Bibliophile Jacob. The deceased had been for many years curator of the library of the Arsenal when he died last Thursday of gout, at the age of seventy-eight. To say what Paul Lacroix has written, is difficult; it would be easier to say what he has not written, for no more prolific and multifarious writer has existed in the present century. His plays and novels belong to the beginnings of Romanticism; he edited Clement Marot while still a schoolboy, and he was editing and annotating up to the time of his death; as a historian he will be known by his series of sumptuous volumes on the arts, manners, usages, and customs of the Middle Ages, the Renaissance, and the eighteenth century. His writings on the curiosities and oddities of history, science, art, and literature, are almost innumerable, as may be imagined when it is said that his collected works fill at least 1200 volumes. The Bibliophile Jacob leaves some memoirs, which cannot fail to be interesting, for, although a bookworm, he came into relations with all the celebrities of the century.

The third annual exhibition of the Incoherent Arts is now open in the Galerie Vivienne, and promises to be a great success. It is impossible to give a serious account of this show, for the whole affair, pictures, catalogue and all, is a joke. One of the great successes of the exhibition is a picture of M. De Lesseps reviewing his family; the children present their backs to the public, and their heads are adorned with real hair; M. De Lesseps has his last-born in his arms, and holds at the same time an isthmus-piercing cork-screw. The illustrated catalogue offers a most crazy and curious collection of plays upon words.

The book of the week is an anonymous volume, "L'Impératrice Wanda." The author is said to be the Comtesse de Mirabeau, a witty lady whose pen is highly esteemed by the readers of "La Vie Parisienne." In "L'Impératrice Wanda" we find under transparent masks the personnel, or rather what was the personnel, of half a dozen European Courts. The heroine, Wanda, is Marie Fedorowna, wife of Alexander II.; and all the other crowned heads and their Courts are presented, as it were, in a magic lantern, including the Court of the United Islands, "very Royal, but not amusing at all," whose Queen "laments publicly her spouse, and will bewail him until the last hour of her reign." The book seems to me flimsy and silly; but, being a book with a key, people are all curious to read it. T. C.

On Tuesday the members of the Belgian Cabinet gave in their resignations.

The golden wedding of Prince Anthony of Hohenzollern was celebrated on Tuesday with much ceremony at Sigmaringen, the chief guests being the German Emperor and Crown Prince and the members of the immediate family of the jubilee pair. In the afternoon a blessing was pronounced in the Ancestral Hall of the castle, the Emperor of Germany leading the Royal pair to the altar. In the procession there were, besides the Emperor, three Kings, two Queens, and thirty-six Princes and Princesses.

The Duke of Brunswick died last Saturday morning, in his seventy-ninth year. Shortly afterwards, General Hilgers, the Prussian officer commanding in Brunswick, issued a proclamation to the inhabitants of the Duchy asserting the Imperial German Government's right to examine the question of the succession, and calling upon the Brunswickers to await its decision with confidence.

The King and Queen of Denmark left Copenhagen on Sunday night for Germany in order to attend the funeral of the Queen's brother, the Landgrave of Hesse.

The remains of the late General Todleben were interred on the 17th inst., with much ceremony, in the General Military Cemetery at Sebastopol.—Six Russian officers and two women, convicted of a Nihilist conspiracy, have been executed in the citadel of St. Petersburg.

The Presidential canvass in the United States grows more eager as the day of election approaches and the area of doubt is narrowed.—The Prime Meridian Conference of Washington has adopted a resolution providing that the universal day is to be the mean solar day, and to begin for the world at the moment of mean midnight of the initial meridian, coinciding with the beginning of the civil day. It will be counted from zero up to twenty-four hours.—Mr. Vanderbilt has given 500,000 dols. to the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York to be used as a building fund.—Mr. Henry Irving began on Monday a three weeks' engagement at the Globe Theatre, Boston. The Lyceum tour in Canada was a triumphant success.—A great fire has occurred at Carthage, in the State of New York, by which 160 buildings have been destroyed.

The Premier of Cape Colony has telegraphed to the Agent-General here that the Cape Ministry has submitted proposals to the Imperial Government for settling the Bechuana question without resort to arms.

According to a Reuter-telegram from Brunswick, the Provincial Assembly has been summoned to meet for an extraordinary Session on the 23rd inst.

Miss Braddon's annual, The Mistletoe Bough, containing stories by this popular author and others, is announced for early publication. The annual will be fully illustrated by the best artists, as before.

THE NEW ZEALAND LINER ARAWA.

The Arawa, the fine New Zealand liner built for the Shaw Savill and Albion Company by Messrs. Denny, of Dumbarton, is a very handsome vessel, having a gross tonnage of 5000 tons, admirably well designed. She is full-rigged as a four-masted ship, carrying ample sail power to take advantage of favourable winds on her long voyages, and is engined as a screw-steamer, with engines of novel and exceptionally economic type, working at a boiler-pressure of 160 lb. to the square inch, and indicating 5000-horse power. Her actual dimensions are 420 ft. in length, 46 ft. in beam, with depth of hold of 32 ft. The mean speed attained at full boiler power was 15.31 knots in her trial runs in the Clyde last week, although the weather was boisterous and the wind strong. This vessel is the first of a fleet of liners built expressly for a service hitherto worked by sailing-vessels and chartered steamers. The greatest care has been taken to secure economy of working. Her engines are based on a system of four cylinders and triple expansion, whereby a saving of more than 400 tons in the consumption of fuel is expected to be attained in her regular voyage, the gain being 800 tons on the double voyage out and home. Thus 400 tons more cargo-carrying capacity is added to the ship. The cellular double bottom principle being adopted, the trim of the vessel can be maintained by letting in water from the sea to the extent of 840 tons as the fuel is burnt away. Her safety is provided for by the division of the hull, up to the line of the upper deck, into nine watertight compartments, and the middle body is brought up high

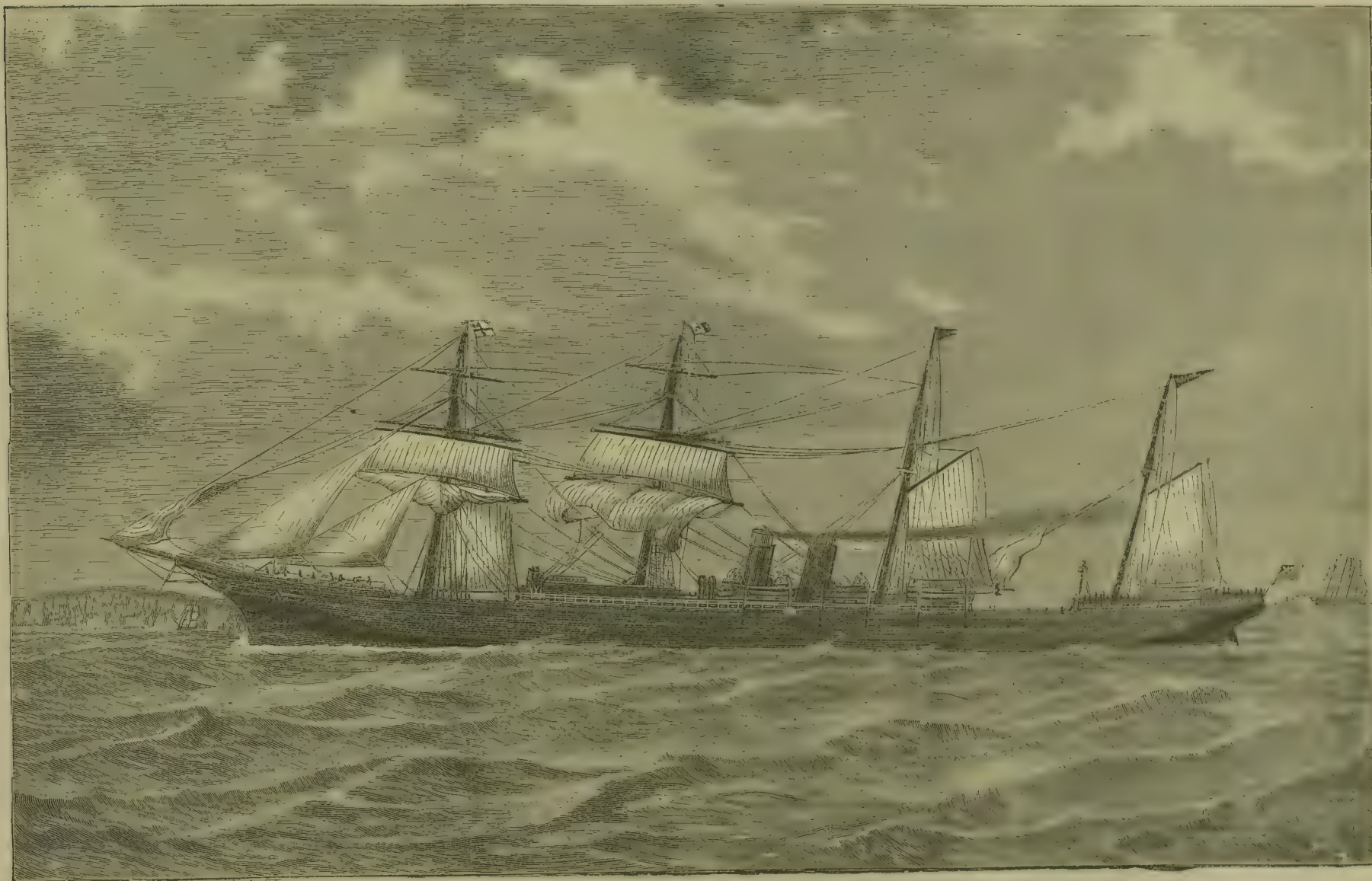
in citadel form, fulfilling the requirements of the Admiralty for merchant-vessels eligible for employment by the State. In the long covered space under the spar-deck there are on each side two rows of first-class cabins, with berths for ninety-five passengers; and the state-rooms are fitted in a convenient way, the upper berth sliding up out of the way, and the lower berth dividing into two and sliding aside into seats; when a removal table can be placed in between them. In this way the rooms, which measure 9 ft. by 6 ft., are rendered suitable for day service. The first-class saloon is a very spacious apartment, extending from side to side of the citadel-house, and occupying a square of 46 ft. There are lines of central tables and numerous side tables, sufficient for the dining of a hundred passengers. The walls are panelled with ornamental woods, hand-painted with elegant designs by the School of Art at the Dumbarton Works. The lighting in the daytime is by square ports in the sides, and at night by electric incandescent lights. In the centre there is a large oval railed opening, and over it a cupola is fitted on the top of the social hall, above the dining-room. A fine toned organ, an excellent piano, and an elegantly carved bookcase containing 300 volumes are further provided for entertainment and amusement during the voyage. The second-class accommodation, and that for the emigrants on the main deck, are very good. Refrigerating chambers on the Bell-Coleman principle, for 500 tons of meat, with an additional compartment that would hold 500 tons more, are placed below the main deck. The electric light is supplied by two Ferranti dynamos, to 300 incandescents, including those which light the sleeping-cabins. The trade with New Zealand has so much increased that the introduction of steam transport has not displaced the sailing-ships,

and the Company which is now showing so much energy in advancing steam communication employs still, we believe, a fleet of more than thirty sailing-vessels.

NEW BRIDGE AND SCHOOL AT BEDFORD.

At Bedford, on Tuesday last, the 21st inst., a new bridge over the Ouse was declared open by Earl Cowper, K.G., Lord Lieutenant of the county, and the ceremony was performed in the presence of the Mayor (Mr. Joshua Hawkins), the Aldermen and Councillors of the Bedford Corporation, and a distinguished assembly of county and borough gentlemen. The bridge is built from the designs of Mr. J. J. Webster, A.M.I., C.E., Lord-street, Liverpool. Messrs. Goddard and Massey, of Nottingham, had contracted for the ironwork, and Messrs. Pilling and Co., of Manchester, for the stonework, approaches, and everything not included in the ironwork. The whole has been well and substantially executed.

Tuesday was also the day appointed for the opening of the new extension of the Bedford Grammar School, Earl Cowper kindly giving his services for this occasion after performing a similar office at the New Bridge. The building contains a useful suite of class-rooms, which have been in use since the beginning of the present year, and provides accommodation for about 300 boys, a necessary provision for a school that has risen, under its present head master, Mr. J. S. Phillpotts, from 270 in 1875 to its present number of 584, mainly day-scholars. Mr. Basil Champneys is the designer of the new class-rooms, and the work was successfully carried out by Mr. Samuel Foster, of Bedford and Kempston. The structure is of stone, and has



THE NEW STEAM-SHIP ARAWA (SHAW, SAVILL, AND ALBION COMPANY'S NEW ZEALAND LINE).

a substantial appearance, being well in keeping with the main school buildings. The school is one of the sixteen grammar schools licensed by Letters Patent of King Edward VI., 1552. It was endowed by Sir W. Harpur, 1566. The endowment defrays about one half of the real cost of the education, the other part being defrayed by the fees. A large number of retired officers, widows of clergymen, and professional men come to reside in or near Bedford for the sake of the school. There is a classical side and a civil and military side, and the school has been especially successful in preparing for the Indian Civil Service and for Woolwich. The play-ground contains a gymnasium and fives' courts, besides a carpenter's shop, with lathe and forge rooms. The chemical laboratory and physics room are well fitted up.

A great feature in Bedford school life is the river. "Eights" and "Fours" glide by at the foot of the play-ground, and the "Henley crew" win as much glory among their Fellows as the Eleven itself. The growth of the school has been so rapid that even the buildings just opened will shortly be inadequate for the members seeking admission, and the governors are now contemplating further additions.

A most useful map of Egypt and the Soudan has been published by Mr. James Wyld, Charing-cross. It is on a large scale, and gives the Nile from Cairo to Senaar, the names of all the places, ancient and modern, tribal designations, heights above the sea level, routes, &c. By its aid the progress of the British expedition can be easily followed.—Messrs. Johnston, of Edinburgh and London, have also opportunely issued an excellent map of Egypt, Nubia, and the Soudan. It is divided by red lines into squares of a hundred miles each, and the routes taken by General Gordon and General Hicks are marked.

MESSRS. SILBER AND FLEMING'S WHOLESALE WAREHOUSE.

In our issue of the 11th inst. we gave an illustration of the new warehouses of Messrs. Silber and Fleming, in Wood-street, Cheapside, E.C. The group of engravings on page 402 of the present issue, will serve to illustrate a few more of their numerous departments.

On opening their new premises, the firm inaugurated a new method of business, and as this novelty in commercial enterprise seems to us to be of some public interest, we propose briefly to lay before our readers a few of its chief points. Traders are invited to bring their customers to Messrs. Silber and Fleming's warehouses, where they may find, under one roof, almost everything that the most discriminating taste may demand, and where they will have the privilege of buying at wholesale prices; it being left to the trader to arrange with his client what commission the latter shall pay for the exceptional opportunity thus afforded him. It will be seen that this system must prove an all-round advantage; for not only will the public benefit, both as regards the prices at which they purchase their goods and the immense variety of articles they will have for selection, but the trader will be enabled to extend his business without increasing his stock or his trade risks, and without further investment of capital.

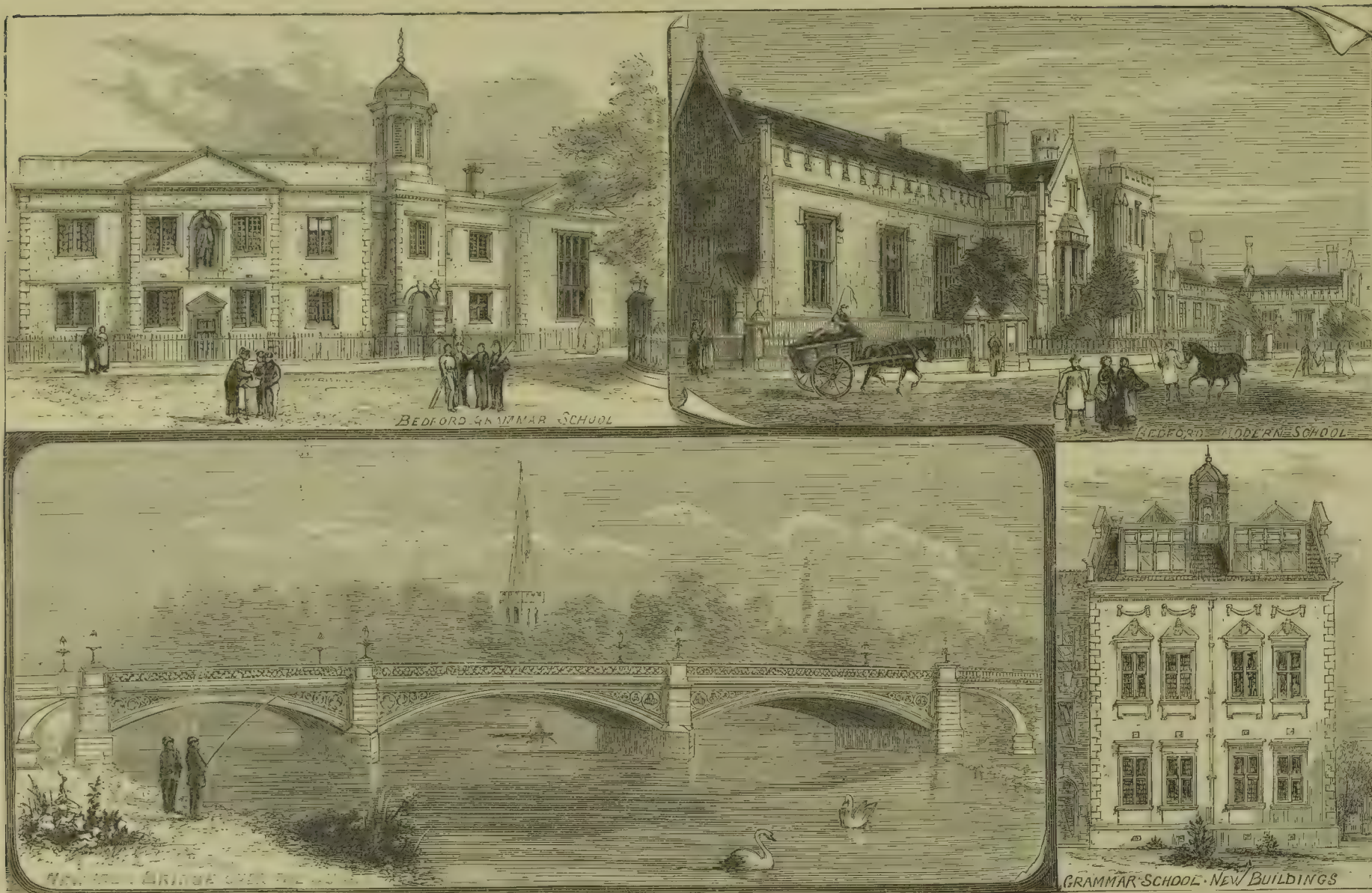
In London last week 2812 births and 1511 deaths were registered. Allowing for increase of population, the births exceeded by 95, while the deaths were 43 below, the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. There were 10 deaths from smallpox, 12 from measles, 27 from scarlet fever, 21 from diphtheria, 15 from whooping cough, 17 from enteric fever, and 44 from dysentery.

NORTH WALES UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

In connection with the newly-created University of Wales, a college for North Wales has been established at Bangor. It was opened last Saturday by the Earl of Powis; Lord Penrhyn, Lord Aberdare, and Mr. Mundella, M.P., the Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education, taking part in the proceedings. There was a street procession, in which the various trades of the town, the council of the college, the court of governors of the institution, graduates of universities, mayors and corporations, local boards of several towns in North Wales, and the Bethesda and Dinorwic quarrymen took part. Lord Powis (President of the College) delivered his inaugural address at the Penrhyn Hall, the procession going afterwards to the building which Lord Penrhyn has bestowed on the College, and which was formerly the Penrhyn Hotel. The ceremonial of opening was performed by Lord Powis with a gold key, handed to him by Lord Penrhyn. A luncheon was provided, at which Mr. Mundella made an interesting speech, and there was a public meeting at the Skating Rink, presided over by Lord Aberdare. The Principal of the College is Mr. H. R. Reichel, and it promises to be very successful, opening now with forty students. Subscriptions to the amount of £34,000 have been already promised.

A large party of gentlemen associated with English literature and journalism was entertained at dinner in the Mansion House by the Lord Mayor last Saturday evening, in honour of the Incorporated Society of Authors.

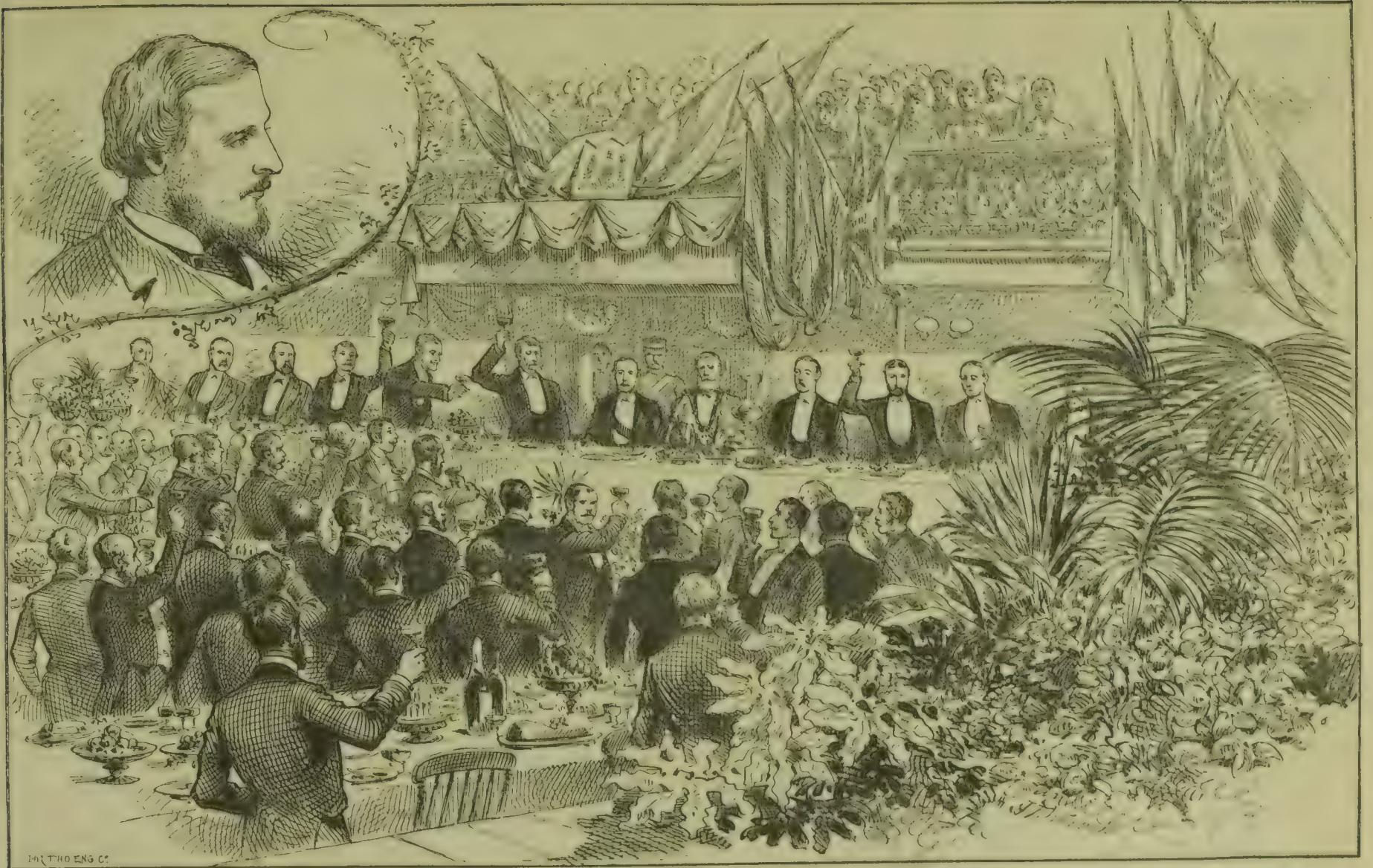
The Duke of Cambridge inspected the troops in Chatham garrison on Thursday week, and afterwards held his inspection at Dover; and witnessed a sham fight between the Dover and Shorncliffe forces at Alkham Valley yesterday week.



OPENING OF NEW BRIDGE AND ADDITIONAL SCHOOL AT BEDFORD.



OPENING OF THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF NORTH WALES: PROCESSION OF TRADES AT BANGOR.



DINNER TO THE EARL OF DUFFERIN, THE NEW VICEROY OF INDIA, AT BELFAST.

A stronghold in Mankeroane's country.

Kuruman, the missionary station of the Rev. J. Mackenzie.



Huts in Mankeroane's chief village.

The Langeberg mountains, on the border of the Kalahari Desert.

CITY ECHOES.

Wednesday, Oct. 22.

The scramble for passenger traffic on certain railway routes in the United States is by far the most prominent feature in the Stock Markets just now. The effect is cutting of rates and diminished receipts. Mr. Vanderbilt is of opinion that this will result in some of the weaker companies passing into the hands of receivers. The election will not affect this, he thinks, whichever way it turns. The prospect is a cheerless one for investors on this side, for British capital is more or less in most American railways. Already a great many of such companies are in different degrees of difficulty, and it was hoped that the worst had been got through; while now we are told by an undoubted authority that still worse is pending. That there are too many railways in the United States has long since been admitted; and Mr. Vanderbilt goes further, and says that wages are so disproportionately high that the wages of a skilled workman equal the selling price of the article produced—material, capital, &c., receiving nothing. Hence it is, we suppose, that the Canadian Pacific Railway Board have been able to place a contract for 10,000 tons of steel rails with American merchants at a considerable gain upon the prices tendered from the United Kingdom. It has, on this, been too hastily taken for granted that the price of this contract betokens the cost of production in the States; but it is more likely to represent the necessitous condition of the seller. Some speculators on Monday sold North-Eastern Railway stock as though our rail-makers had no further prospect of livelihood.

Quite a revival of business has taken place in Indian gold-mining shares, and chiefly because the respective boards are putting the surface of their properties to ordinary uses. As gold-mining ventures, these companies excited a large amount of enthusiasm at their inauguration; but when it was found that gold could not be got in paying quantities, the value of the shares dwindled away until they were, a few months ago, to be had for a few pence each. They are now worth shillings. They are each of £1, fully paid, and are now thus quoted:—Cootacovil, 2s.; Devāla, 6s.; Hoover Hill, 5s.; Indian Consolidated, 2s.; Mysore, 18s.; Tambracherry, 6s.; and Wentworth, 6s.

On the 17th inst. the option of converting Consols and other national 3 per cents into 2½ or 2¾ per cents closed as regards the terms then offered; and it is almost needless to say that, so far, Mr. Childers has failed. Only £21,648,000 came in for conversion, and of this just upon twelve millions belonged to several Government departments. As the Three per Cents amounted to nearly 700 millions, there is no question about the failure. Holders who can exercise choice can get 3 per cent elsewhere without much, if any, risk, and while they can do so it is not necessary to put up with less than 3.

It is understood that the effort to establish an influential institution for the guardianship of British investments in Transatlantic railways is making progress, and now gives promise of ultimate success. It will not be confined in its operations to the United States, but will include Canada and Mexico.

Owing to the decline in the value of wheat, the Bank of South Australia is unable to continue a bonus which it has of late been paying; but as the dividend is 10 per cent per annum, the shareholders are not suffering much from bad times.

Telegrams as to the Philadelphia and Reading property are discouraging; once more there is a large floating debt to be grappled with.

T. S.

A DESERTER.

Compassion, unmixed with the resentment naturally felt towards culprits of a more criminal class, is roused in the hearts of most people by the sight of a man in custody for a serious military offence. He may not be a bad man, though he is a bad soldier; we cannot know the motives that have prompted him to abandon the Queen's service, and to risk severe punishment for the mere attempt to reclaim his civil liberty, which few of us would allow to be compromised upon any consideration. The right to live where and how he likes, to earn his living honestly by the trade or work that he knows—the right to abide in England, or rather in Scotland, which seems in this case to be his native country, where he can visit his old father and mother, and his other kindred or friends—the right to marry and settle when he has pleased the girl of his choice, and feels himself able to make a home for her, but finds her scarcely willing to wait four or five years till his discharge from the Army—these are social rights which he thoughtlessly renounced, some time ago, in listening to the persuasions of the recruiting-sergeant, but which he has recently desired to possess equally with his brothers. Cowardice, indolence, impatience of discipline, have had no share, and drunkenness or other vice has had no share, in prompting him to the crime of desertion. But here he is, a prisoner handcuffed and led through the streets by two of his own Highland regiment, and destined, probably, to long confinement in jail, as well as to lasting degradation. Every spectator of this sad incident must feel sorry for the ruined man who meant no harm to anybody, though his conduct in breaking an express contract of service is justly deserving of censure. The Artist has given much expression to the figure and countenance of this deserter, as he paces onward to the barracks, between his guards, silently brooding over his bitter thoughts, heedless of the staring bystanders, and of the half-frightened boys and girls in the street, who believe that he is going to be shot.

Sir Stafford Northcote on Monday distributed the prizes to the boys of Kingsley College, Westward Ho, of which institution he is president.

OBITUARY.

MR. A. M. SULLIVAN.

Mr. Alexander Martin Sullivan, M.P. for the county of Louth, 1874 to 1880, and for the county of Meath 1880 to 1882, died on the 17th inst., aged fifty-four. He was of humble parentage, the second son of Mr. Daniel Sullivan, of Bantry, and received his education at the national school of Berehaven. An eloquent speaker, an able journalist, and an attractive "littérateur," Mr. Sullivan filled a large space in the public regard. Originally employed in etching and wood engraving in Dublin, he soon turned to the newspaper and periodical press, and became, in 1855, connected with the *Nation*, of which he was subsequently editor and proprietor. In 1868 he was prosecuted for seditious writings, and underwent four months' imprisonment. During his incarceration, he was nominated Lord Mayor of Dublin, but declined the honour. His Parliamentary career extended from 1874 to 1882. In 1876 he was called to the Irish Bar, and in 1877 to the English, at which he gained a fair amount of practice. Mr. A. M. Sullivan was one of the original founders of the Home-Rule party, took at all times an active interest in questions of social reform, and was a prominent advocate of the temperance movement. He married, in 1861, Frances Genevieve, daughter of the late Mr. John Donovan, of New Orleans. His principal literary works were "A Visit to the Valley of Wyoming" and "New Ireland," and his last public utterance was an impressive letter from Cork on the subject of temperance.

ADMIRAL OTWAY.

Vice-Admiral Robert Jocelyn Otway, of Castle Otway, in the county of Tipperary, J.P. and D.L., died on the 16th inst. He was second son of the Rev. Samuel Jocelyn Otway, and succeeded to the Castle Otway estates by the bequest of his cousin, the Hon. Robert Otway-Cave, at the death of that gentleman's widow, in 1849. The Admiral's uncle, Sir Robert Waller Otway, G.C.B., a distinguished naval officer, was created a Baronet in 1831, and another uncle was General Sir Loftus William Otway. Admiral Otway, whose death we record, was educated at the Royal Naval College, and entered the service at an early age. In 1846 he was second in command of the Naval Brigade in New Zealand, and in 1858 gained post rank, being shortly after placed on the retired list. He married, in 1836, Anne Digby, youngest daughter of Sir Hugh Crofton, Bart., and leaves an only child, Frances Margaret, wife of Mr. William Clifford Birmingham Ruthven.

THE REV. RICHARD TOWNSEND.

The Rev. Richard Townsend, one of the Senior Fellows of Dublin University, who died on the 18th inst., was eldest son of the late Commander Thomas Townsend, R.N., and was born at the Castle, Baltimore, the former feudal stronghold of the O'Driscoll sept, in the county of Cork, April 30, 1821. Mr. Townsend never had a public school education, being prepared for his collegiate matriculation by his mother and aunt, the most gifted members of the old house of Freke (Lord Carbery). At all undergraduate examinations Mr. Townsend came first in mathematical honours; and in 1845, at first competition, was elected to a Fellowship of Trinity College. In 1866 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, chiefly for his mathematical work "Chapters on the Modern Geometry of the Point, Line, and Circle." He subsequently held the offices of Examiner in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in the University of London, and for the past twenty years held the same office under the Civil Service Commission for India. Mr. Townsend married Miss Barrett in 1852, but leaves no family.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Countess of Carrick, widow of Somerset Richard, third Earl of Carrick, and mother of the present Earl, on the 13th inst., at Mount Juliet, Thomastown, in her eighty-fifth year.

Mrs. Emma Durnford, wife of the Bishop of Chichester and daughter of the Rev. John Keate, D.D., Canon of Windsor, on the 16th inst.

Etheldreda Anne, Countess of Hopetoun, eldest daughter of Mr. C. T. S. Birch Reynardson, of Holywell Hall, in the county of Lincoln, widow of John Alexander, fifth Earl of Hopetoun, and mother of the present Earl, on the 15th inst.

Mr. Francis James Wildman-Lushington, of Norton Court, Kent, J.P., on the 15th inst., at his seat near Faversham. His father, the late Mr. James L. Wildman, assumed the additional surname of Lushington.

Arabella, Dowager Lady O'Donel, daughter of Sir John Blake, Bart., of Menlo Castle, in the county of Galway, on the 13th inst., aged seventy-seven. She married, Dec. 1, 1827, Sir Hugh James Moore O'Donel, Bart.; and secondly, Mr. John O'Hara, of Rahcen, in the county of Galway.

Mr. Chambré Brabazon Ponsonby, of Kilcooly Abbey, in the county of Tipperary, formerly in the 10th Hussars, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff of the county of Kilkenny 1882, on the 9th inst., on board the Cunard steamer Oregon, aged forty-four. He was fifth in descent from Major-General the Hon. Henry Ponsonby, of Ashgrove, who was slain at Fontenoy.

Admiral Nicholas Lefebvre, on the 7th inst., at his residence, Rue Lefebvre, Guernsey, in his eighty-eighth year. He entered the Royal Navy, Jan. 18, 1811, and saw a good deal of service. He was granted by the Royal Humane Society a medal, for having frequently saved the lives of seamen. His retirement as Admiral is dated Jan. 9, 1880.

Through the Port Admiral, the Queen has contributed £25 to the funds of an association for providing nurses for the sick poor of Portsmouth.

Mr. H. Walker, B.A., Snell Exhibitioner of Balliol College, Oxford, has been appointed Lecturer of the English Language and Logic at St. David's College, Lampeter.

SKETCHES ON THE NILE.

Our Artist still finds in the neighbourhood of Assouan, the ancient Syene, the farthest properly Egyptian town up the Nile from Cairo, distant 550 miles from the capital city, fresh subjects for his industrious pencil. It is, indeed, a picturesque and interesting part of the river, with the crags and boulders of black syenite, the golden-brown sands, and the bright verdure of cultivated fields and palm-groves, affording good effects of contrasted colour; and with some ruins of temples, Roman baths, and tombs belonging to different ages of antiquity, though none of great architectural importance. The Isle of Elephantine, nearly opposite the port and town of Assouan, has been frequently described. It was the boundary of Egypt under the Roman dominion, and was then covered with stately edifices, of which few remains are left, only an arch, some pillars, a statue or two, and a massive quay wall, with a flight of stone steps from the water's edge. The stones of the side walls of these steps are inscribed with lines and letters relating to the rise of the Nile, forming one of the ancient Nilometers. Heaps of broken pottery lie at the south end of the island, some of it finely glazed, and showing much decorative skill. The people now living on Elephantine are all Nubians, and little better than savages, though quiet and well disposed. Assouan has a considerable trade with Nubia and the Soudan.

LORD DUFFERIN AT BELFAST.

The newly-appointed Viceroy of India, the Earl of Dufferin, late British Ambassador at Constantinople, previously at St. Petersburg, and before that Governor-General of Canada, was last week entertained by his neighbours at Belfast with a grand banquet in the Ulster Hall. The Mayor of Belfast, Sir David Taylor, was in the chair; and Lord Templetown, Lord Waveney, Sir Thomas Bateson, Bart., M.P., and other members of Parliament were among the speakers. We present an illustration of the scene at table when the Mayor proposed Lord Dufferin's health, to which his Lordship responded in a graceful and cheerful oration, speaking hopefully of our Indian Empire, and saying he was convinced, from his knowledge of Russian statesmen, that there was no real cause for suspicion of their designs in Central Asia.

BECHUANA LAND.

We learn this week, by an official telegram from Capetown, that the Government of the Cape Colony has submitted proposals to the Imperial Government for the peaceable settlement of Bechuana Land, which would thereby come under the authority of the Colonial Government. Bechuana Land comprises the narrow strip of territory on the south-west border of the Transvaal, inhabited by native tribes, or confederations of small tribes, called the Barolongs and the Batlapins, amongst whom some hundreds of European settlers, mostly Boers or Dutch farmers, with a minority of English, have taken up their abode. These have formed two separate local communities, named Stellaland and Goshen, in the north and the south of that territory. The native chiefs have been always at war among themselves, and have frequently been assisted by European volunteers, on one side or the other, acting quite independently either of the Dutch or the British Governments of the neighbouring civilised provinces—namely, the Cape Colony, and the two Dutch Republics, that of the Transvaal and the Orange River Free State. The recent negotiations for keeping open this territory, as the only available trade route to the interior of South Africa, were conducted by Lord Derby and Sir Hercules Robinson mainly in the interest of the Cape Colony; and it was never contemplated that the Government of Great Britain should provide a military or police force to secure their execution. We are glad, therefore, to learn that the Colonial Government has become more alive to its duties and responsibilities in this matter. It is the best way of preventing any renewal of the dispute with the Republic of the Transvaal, which has many friends and well-wishers among the Dutch population of the Old Colony.

Our Sketches of Bechuana Land, which were drawn in 1879 by Captain Newnham Davis, of the Buffs, represent scenes in that part of the country which was formerly ruled by Mankoroane, the Batlapin chief, and which has now been transformed into the settlement of Stellaland, the European new-comers here being mostly from the Cape Colony. The missionary station of Kuruman, long occupied by the Rev. J. Mackenzie, who assisted Sir Hercules Robinson in the arrangements lately made, and was appointed Deputy Commissioner of the British Government in Bechuana Land, is shown in one of these Sketches. He has been succeeded in that appointment by Mr. Cecil Rhodes.

The University of Oxford has conferred the degree of Doctor of Music on Mr. Bridge, M.A., organist of Chester Cathedral, brother of Dr. Bridge, of Westminster Abbey.

The ancient office of Marchmont Herald, which dates from the reign of King James II. of Scotland, has been conferred upon Mr. John Grant, the Carrick Pursuivant.

Sir Thomas Brassey, M.P., gave a lecture on Tuesday evening at Hastings on "Naval Affairs." He asserted that in ships of the first class we have an incontestable superiority; in the second class we are equal to any other Power; and in vessels of the third class our superiority is immense. He had no hesitation in saying we have succeeded in keeping the front rank as a naval power.—In a long letter to the *Times* on Monday, Sir E. J. Reed, formerly Chief Constructor of the Navy, who, as he remarks, has hitherto taken no part in the present agitation on behalf of a substantial increase of our naval power, expressed his views on naval affairs generally.

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CHAPTER XXX. STRANGERS.



ONCE upon a time there lived in the city of Nantes a physician, of some note in his town and time, named Jacques Carrel. Indeed, he lived somewhat before his time, for he was a specialist: and his specialty was disease of the brain. He took a genuine delight in maniacs and idiots, and (as not infrequently happens) so far found his favourite examples contagious that, though a man of exceedingly small means, he neglected all more profitable forms of practice for the sake of scientific study. In the end, his reputation was high, but his purse was low: the former increasing day by day—the latter dwindling almost hour by hour. He

cared for cases: not fees. And when a physician does this, he will find as many cases and as few fees as his heart can desire.

But Fortune, that arch-coquette, seldom fails to reward those who trust to her with a sufficient measure of magnanimous scorn for the worst she can do. Dr. Carrel happened in the year 1786—there was a good deal of acute mania in the air just then—to be called in to attend a wealthy creole, a Monsieur Castellan, who showed decided symptoms of softening of the brain. It was, however, an abnormal case in certain ways, and Dr. Carrel worked at it *con amore*—and, as it turned out, *con amore* in more senses than one. For Monsieur Castellan, himself a widower, had an only child, Antoinette, for whose sake he had come to France, in order that she might have the best education that money could procure. But the father's illness interfered with these plans. Antoinette was as faithful a nurse as the doctor was a devoted physician. They met daily: and the result was that the impressionable young creole fell in love with the middle-aged physician over head

and ears. Whether he fell quite so deeply himself, I dare not say, probably not quite over his heart, for there science reigned supreme—but still as deeply as a *savant* can be expected to fall.

It may be considered the leading symptom of Monsieur Castellan's disease that one of his very latest responsible acts was to give his cordial consent to the marriage of his nurse with his doctor. It was a terrible *mésalliance*; the creole was as rich as Cræsus, and the physician as poor as Job. Nevertheless, he may have felt it would smooth his passage to a world where such distinctions cease to reckon if he could be sure of leaving his child, otherwise alone in a foreign country, in such safe and honest hands as he knew the doctor's to be. No doubt he might have done better. There were cadets, nay heads of noble houses—Monsieur le Comte, Monsieur le Baron, Monsieur le Chevalier—who would have gladly raised Antoinette Castellan to their level with half her fortune: there were scions of the *haute bourgeoisie* who would have given her as much as she could give, and more. And the best of them all would have done well, for Antoinette was bright and amiable as well as rich, beautiful, and young. But she had set all her tropical heart on the doctor, who was neither noble, nor rich, nor young, nor beautiful: and her father could not find it in his heart to say her nay—so he must have been very mad indeed.

When, despite all care and all skill, he passed into the final stage of his hideous malady, no father had ever a more devoted daughter or son. Not the most envious could say that, when Monsieur Castellan died, the doctor's ensuing fortune had not been amply earned, though his wife's *rentes* must have amounted to forty thousand crowns a year, clear and full. It would have been natural for Doctor and Madame Carrel to make their home where the *rentes* grew. But he held, and she implicitly agreed with him, that France was the most admirable field for lunacy practice and for the study of mania in the world: so he remained at Nantes, and, since he no longer needed them, the fees came pouring in. Not that he neglected the advantages of travel. He spent a whole year in the Low Countries, and eighteen months in England, working out a system of natural idiosyncracies which required original observation, and learning the languages so that he might converse with the best authorities on equal terms. And he was just about to proceed to Italy, when Carrier, the monster of monsters, came down upon Nantes, and the doctor had just time to fly the country, not as a student, but as an exile and refugee.

Had he been alone, he would have stayed: for Carrier, considered as a violent lunatic, would have been better worth studying than a hundred common madmen. But he was answerable for Antoinette as well as for science: and, in fine, even a *savant* is a man, and very much of a man. Lunacy is to be studied everywhere and always: love but once—though there are philosophers who have held them to be one and the

same. Since this is not the story of Dr. and Madame Carrel, though that story is well worth the telling, it must suffice to say that, after a hundred risks, and adventures enough to convert the Doctor into one of his own patients, they obtained a passage on board the *Maiden*, Captain Trestrail, and were run ashore, in company with other contraband goods, in a retired cove somewhere in Torbay.

The Carrels, however, differed from the refugee of the period in four exceedingly important things. They were rich: they were good republicans—at least in theory: and the Doctor could speak the English language, and came with a high professional reputation ready made. He did not, moreover, intend to remain in the world's asylum of refuge—Madame had a country far away from France, where wealth, peace, and safety were waiting her, and thither they resolved as soon as possible to proceed.

This was not altogether an easy matter. Still, few things were at that period of history impossible to a man with plenty of money and influential friends: and, having spent a delightful holiday in a re-inspection of the London hospitals, diversified by some hard work in the shape of medical hospitalities, he and Madame obtained a cabin in a West Indian ship that was about to sail from Plymouth under convoy—it was true she was bound for Barbadoes, and the Carrels for a French possession: still, the remainder of the voyage could hardly prove insuperable when so much had been made. Where there's a will there's a way: and where there's money, there are fifty more.

Walking one day by Catwater, while waiting for a wind, and speculating (for he was far in advance of all past, present, and future times) upon that sublime form of contagious insanity which wastes noble harbours upon war-ships, and glorifies the art of killing and maiming above that of healing, his eye was caught by something that distracted his attention even from that busy scene, where ship-carpenters were hammering their hardest upon English oak, and French oak besides—for a battered prize had been brought into Catwater only the day before.

There was plenty to stare at: and probably no eyes in Plymouth but those of Dr. Carrel would have been attracted by a humbly dressed country girl who passed him by, for there were dozens of girls about, had his eyes been in search of such wares, better worth looking at than she. Indeed, a less noticeable young person it would be hard for any ordinary observer to find. He would have set her down for some small farmer's daughter, who had sold her eggs or her cheese, and have passed on. But for Jacques Carrel that sun-burnt face and blunt features had a supreme fascination.

"That girl is sane—and it wants but the touch of a feather to send her mad!" said he.

(Continued on page 403.)



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In short, the girl was a Case: and some insight of his own told him that it was likely to prove a peculiar one. And if it should really prove abnormal, how could he have the heart to pass it by? He might, by this one neglect, lose some opportunity for special observation never to be regained. He had already passed her by some dozen yards, but he promptly turned back, and, lifting his hat with what was then considered outlandish and un-English courtesy, he asked her, in best accent, if she could direct him to the Hoe, with "a thousand pardons, Mademoiselle."

"I don't know, Sir," she answered. "I'm a stranger here."

"And I, too, Mademoiselle," he said, quickly, without giving her time to pass on, for there was something in her very tone, having nothing to do with her unfamiliar accent, that puzzled him. "As we are both strange—will Mademoiselle permit one question of more? I am physician: it is our *métier*—our what you name it?—to go about and see. I am candid: I never mince the bush: that is not my way. I see you in trouble: and I say to myself, aha! all the trouble is like the painful tooth—out he must come."

Any man, woman, or child who suspected Dr. Carrel of a double motive in anything he said or did was invariably a knave or a fool. It was no doubt both eccentric and imprudent for a Frenchman (that is to say, one born to be kicked and ducked without trial) to accost a girl without reasonable excuse with a hundred British tarts within hail of timid or insulted beauty. But Jacques Carrel had done a hundred things more imprudent, and a thousand more eccentric, and had never suffered either in repute or in person for one of them. He possessed the triumphant impudence of single-minded simplicity. Even Antoinette herself, with all her native tropical jealousy, would not have been jealous of her Jacques if he had taken to spending half his time with Helen or Cleopatra. She would have set it down, with perfect equanimity, to the demands of science: and, what is more, that would have been perfectly true. In short, except for maniacs, idiots, and Antoinette, Jacques Carrel had no heart at all: or, more accurately, no heart to spare.

The girl looked slowly in his face, modestly, but not shyly. He met her look calmly, and with an encouraging half smile. And, after all, even in those days a foreigner had his privileges—whatever would have seemed insufferable in an Englishman was, for that very reason, perfectly natural in him.

A mad-doctor, to be worth his salt, must be born with one indispensable quality—what to the surgeon is the strong and sensitive hand, to him is the penetrating and commanding eye. He was too simple and unconscious to be aware of his own principal gift, but it was there: and it may have had not a little to do with his winning the heart of Antoinette Castellan. He used to pooh-pooh Mesmer as a quack: but he might have rivalled Mesmer had he pleased.

The girl just indicated a curtsey, and made as if to pass on. "In trouble!" said she: but rather to herself than to him.

"And, Mademoiselle," said the Doctor, with impressive emphasis, "it is a trouble that I can cure—or none."

"You, Sir?"

"I."

"Or none, you said, Sir. So it is none. Unless"—she suddenly flushed up, and broke off, as if some sudden thought had almost taken her breath away.

The Doctor put his hands behind him, for the sake of rubbing them. A flush and a pause like that meant that, sooner than he had hoped, her coming craze was about to show.

"Unless, Mademoiselle?"

"You are a foreigner. You will know foreign lands: . . . Perhaps you can tell me the way to the Indies: I have asked till I am tired in this horrible town."

"The way to the Indies!"

"Never mind, Sir. Only I thought, being a stranger like me, you might not laugh like the rest."

"Laugh, Mademoiselle—I? Do you take me for a brute, for a savage, for a hog—*enfin*, for a Bull: a John Bull? No, no. You do not laugh yourself of me, when I ask for the Hoe. I am physician—not buffoon. We will speak to the serious, my child. So you walk yourself to the Indies, eh? And from where?"

"I have walked from Stoke Juliot, Sir."

"Ah. How far is that?"

"Maybe seventy miles."

"*Eh bien*. Your family is to blame, that they let you walk so far, all sole."

"I have no family, Sir. Can you tell me?"

"All softly, my good girl: all of good hour. . . It is true: she has no friends," mused he. "She is a modest girl. She has no common craze. . . I can tell you of the Indies," said he: "and I will. But I also must know something, Mademoiselle. Suppose you ask me the way to the precipice. Shall I say, to the right hand, to the left hand, before I know you do not mean to walk over the edge when you arrive? I am prudent: none of your poke in the pig for me. If you have right that you go—go, and *bon voyage*: but if you have not right—then not for Jacques Carrel: not at all." He half turned on his heel, as if about to go on his way.

She sighed heavily: but he did not turn. "Sir," she said hurriedly; "why should I not tell why, if I must? I will tell: it is not my shame. . . My father has been killed: and the man who killed him is gone *There*," she almost whispered, lifting her hand towards the sea.

"A vendetta. Ah! It is always so with the savage islands: Corsica—England: it is always the same. You have reason, my poor child," said he: pitiful, but a little disappointed—he had expected something so far more interesting and so much less sane.

"I am right. So now—the way?"

"And who is the man?"

"He has no name: but I shall find him: and I shall know him."

"No name, Mademoiselle? That is strange!"

"What do I care for his name?" she asked, with a touch of excitement in her voice that the Doctor's ears caught at once and that made his heart bound. "I shall find him: I have sworn to find him, and I shall."

"What, Mademoiselle—because you have sworn? A vow is not magic, that it can find what is gone."

To his delight he saw a sort of film pass over her eyes, as though their light had turned inwards. "Now for it," thought he. He wished they were in a less public place, but that could not be helped: he must make the most of things as they were. When she next spoke her voice had a muffled sound, as if she were speaking from far away.

"You are foreign: and you know the way to the Indies! That is no wonder. I knew I should come the right way. Everything will lead me the right way. There *was* good in the book. . . I shall not lose him twice. That came of being weak: I shall not be weak again. . . What are you?" the girl asked abruptly, recovering her vision, and with a tone in which the Doctor's practised ears recognised fear, or rather exalted awe. "Did you know I need you? Are you—wise? Are you here because—because—I called upon—upon—to lead me and to give me power? Tell me what I shall do!"

"*Grand Dieu*," thought the physician, "If Heaven has not sent me a true case of the woman who thinks herself *sorcière*, and wants to sell her soul! Truly, then, the Revolution has not been in vain! . . . Yes, Mademoiselle: I am wise: very wise. And I will say what you shall do. You shall come with me."

"To the Indies?"

"All of the good time. Meanwhile to Madame Carrel, my wife, who is yet more wise than I. So you will have vengeance—eh? And you have the power to make your will to act to the end of the world? *Bien*—very well, indeed. You shall see Madame. Yes, yes: I understand you, all entire. You are not afraid to come. Nobody is afraid to come with me."

"Afraid!"

It is not everybody, however, who has the eyes, the ears, and the experience of Jacques Carrel. It would have taken many a physician ten times the time to have spotted what he was now convinced was her monomania—a craze well known to all who have studied that most marvellous of all the chapters of the world's history, the annals of witchcraft, as leading more persons to accuse themselves of the mysterious sin than were ever accused of it by others. But instances were rare in those sceptical days: and Dr. Carrel rejoiced with the rejoicing of a book hunter who has found one of the lost books of Livy. To obtain such a treasure all to himself: to study it in all its phases: to trace it to its origin—it was all too much happiness: he would let his plantation go to the dogs and stay in England if he were a free man. But—brilliant thought! Why should he not enjoy the plantation and the case too?

Nor was his diagnosis by any means altogether wrong. The brain of Nance Derrick had truly been growing morbid to the point of danger. We know how it had been with her when left alone, and worse than alone, under the black shadow of Old Horneck's steeple on the desolate and haunted sands. There is no need to recall that moment of impotent agony. Francis had spoken of Plymouth: of the Indies: an inward spirit compelled her to follow in the only road of which he had left her the faintest sign. She still had shillings enough left to start her on the way, and the very hopelessness of the quest (for so extremes meet) seemed to assure her that her vengeance was henceforth to be taken in charge by the unseen powers.

That just when her money was at an end she should meet with a Foreigner who knew the Indies, and who was a Doctor and a wise man to boot, was surely a direct result and acceptance of her vow. And it assuredly does happen that coincidences of this sort happen in chief to those whose whole faculties are open to them: which lessens their wonder. She had no doubt or hesitation about following Dr. Carrel wherever he chose to lead. Happily for her, he was an honest man, for she saw him solely through the passionate colour of her vow, and she would no less have followed a rogue. It is no wonder he thought her brain turned or turning. She walked passively beside him, he imperceptibly cross-examining, till they reached his lodgings, where he left her in one room while he hastened to Madame in another.

Not even when she was left alone in a strange house and room in a strange town—and how strange was any town to a Stoke Juliot girl!—did her courage fail. The very strangeness of it all made it all the more natural. The unfamiliarity of sights, sounds, and odours raised her all the more above herself, and were ominous of yet greater and stranger things to come. She might have waited for some half hour when there entered, not Dr. Carrel, but a light, quick step and a silken rustle: and when she looked round, her eyes fell upon a real surprise—a girl.

"I am Madame Carrel," said the surprise.

Nance's experience of ladies had been hitherto limited to Miss Openshaw. And if Miss Openshaw was the type of the lady, what sort of creature could be Madame Carrel? Miss Openshaw was tall, and full and stately of form and bearing. Madame was as small as a full grown young woman could be—Nance herself was a head and shoulders above her loftily built coiffure. Miss Openshaw was as fair as the day—Madame was darker even than Nance, with bright black eyes magnificently large, and a complexion of the palest and clearest brown. Miss Openshaw looked and moved like a queen: Madame like a fairy. She was all movement and sparkle: and her quick speech was so much like laughter as to make one wonder what her laugh could be. Miss Openshaw was a swan: Madame a humming-bird. Such was the girl who had fallen in love with the grave physician, old enough to be her father: and not only so, but was still enough in love with him to delight in helping him to carry out his slightest whim.

CHAPTER XXXI.

NEWS.

The Sovereign Queen of all the Muses, the Muse of History, has much cause to complain—supposing Her Parnassian Majesty cares a straw. One would think from this chronicle that nothing was going on all this while but the love of a country squire for a country coquette, the passion of a crafty knave for the unknown heiress of Wrenshaw, and the narrow complexities of a mere village tragedy. And such, indeed, was the truth, so far as Stoke Juliot was concerned, whither flew none of those rumours, false or true, that kept England at large in a fever and ferment from end to end. Or, if such rumours came, it was so slow and faint that they lost all their meaning by the road. The tavern parliament and the cottage councils confined themselves to their own proper business of wind and weather, and would scarce have known the King's name to be George had not that been a fact established by the liturgy for eighty years. My own belief of Stoke Juliot is that some rumour of the Wars of the Roses reached the place somewhere in Cromwell's reign, and the direct news of Queen Anne's death about the date of the Battle of Waterloo.

Yet it was but some fifteen miles from Barnstaple: and Barnstaple had heard great and terrible things. The very day after Francis Carew lost his head to Mabel Openshaw, a Queen of France lost hers to the guillotine. Since then, the Girondists had fallen: the Prussians had been beaten: Colonel Buonaparte had taken Toulon: Lord Howe had given its title to the Glorious First of June. Most persons can fill up these skeleton sentences for themselves: and will realise that, while Parson Pengold was feeding his pigs, the last of the Wars of the Giants had begun.

How many times has life been compared with the sea? Perhaps nearly as often as to the years, or to the trees. But it is in nothing more like the sea than in this—that the storms, however great and terrible, are but surface matters, and affect neither the depths nor the tides. When one comes to think of it, the most striking thing in all history is, not how many persons and lives the storms have affected, but how few. History has her thousands—Silence her millions: so that Silence is after all the greater muse. In the wildest and most stirring times, when one would think, to read of them, that every living creature must have been the sport of plague, fire, and sword, still the millions have gone on buying and selling, falling in love and marrying, and in short regarding all change very much as they regarded the weather, very much as

if nothing so very much were happening after all. Even to this day we may read private memoirs, written in violent times, from which it is impossible to gather that anything was happening of more consequence than the conduct of some boy at school, the eternal war between householder and servant, the late or early arrival of the cuckoo, an attack of gout, or the price current of small beer. These times are also great times, and will be called so eighty years hence: and yet how many of us lose an hour's sleep or a meal's loss of appetite for anything that goes on outside our own doors? War and peace, fire, plague, and finance, still claim their victims, as of old: but in the quietest of times men must die and suffer, and in the least quiet they can do no more.

The memoirs of the Vicar of Stoke Juliot, therefore, supposing him to have kept such things, as every country parson should, and as is always possible in the case of even the least likely of men, might be searched in vain for any allusion to the rush of events which were lashing into fury the surface waters of the world's sea, whereon Royal ships were foundering, and volcanic islands were rising everywhere. Their contents, apart from tithes and tithe pigs, could have been summed up easily.

For example, on the day when the Prussians lost Deux-Ponts, the Vicar lost what were to him of infinitely more importance, as every householder will cordially allow—the services of Tamzin Craddock, who on that day became Tamzin Hale. The surrender of Guadaloupe to England was signalled and overshadowed by the surrender of the Red Cow to the last law of Nature. And so on, and so on. Times even for Stoke Juliot, or even for ditch water, were amazingly dull. In one grand respect the Parson was able to congratulate himself on his discretion and foresight—Camarina had not been disturbed. He had piloted the parish through what at one time had promised to be an awkward affair. That fire-brand, the new keeper, had left the place without having given any further trouble. That witch, Nance Derrick, had taken herself off, in the swift and sudden manner of her sisterhood, whether on a broomstick or elsewhere, before the Red Cow's death could be fairly laid at her doors. Phil Derrick was not only buried, but had been forgotten—not so much as a plank of ship's timber recorded those virtues which have so remarkable a way of growing out of graves. Since there were no more keepers, there were no more poachers: so that element of trouble also had settled down. And, above all, he had not been called upon to stretch any more points of truth with regard to Mabel. Even as the absence of keepers had abolished poachers, so had the absence of questions prevented lies. The reasoning might not be first rate: but what is the use of reasoning except to heal conscience? And for so easy a work as that, a very weak dose will serve.

And, when one comes to think of it, conscience had an even exceptionally fair share of reason on its side. Mabel might not be altogether the girl that a father would desire, if fathers had the risky privilege of choosing their own offspring: but still she was the Heaven-given child of a childless man—the most divinely pathetic of relations that the world contains. Which had the more right to her—the father who had been no father, or the no father who had been a father to the girl, and more? Sir Miles Heron of Wrenshaw had wealth, rank, kindred, friends: the Vicar had only Mabel, out of all humanity. She had been given him by a miracle—and why, but for his sake, had the sea cast her up at his doors? As to his wronging her of an inheritance, that never troubled his mind. His loss would be so infinitely more than hers, that the latter would seem nothing in comparison. He did not consciously feel any want of sympathy. She had just become as much a part of his life as his pipe and his tankard; and beyond that the force of words cannot go. Of course, he dimly intended to do justice, in a general way, in the end. Every appropriator of others' belongings always intends to make restitution, in a general way. But meanwhile conscience lives in clover—at least, until its good intentions are frustrated by being made to pave the inside of a jail. However, there is no law against *suppression veri* and *suggestio falsi*: so the Parson was safe on that score. His notion had been to tie Mabel to the parish with that once-upon-a-time most indissoluble of fetters, a wedding ring: and then it would not signify whether Mabel Carew had been Mabel Openshaw or Mabel Heron.

He did not often go to Barnstaple market—perhaps not once in three years. But the cow needed a successor; and, as he happened just then to be out of speaking terms with every farmer in the place, the journey had to be made once more. When he returned, in the carrier's cart, which had made, in not much over five hours, the same journey that would now take his successor nearly forty full minutes by road and rail, he had supper served, in honour of the occasion, in Mabel's own special parlour, where a big bowl of cowslips and blue-bells had superseded the dahlias.

He appeared to have made a bad bargain, although, despite all his scholarship, he was as good a man at a deal as any man of his cloth in Devon. For he ate and drank in silence; and it was not until his big body was full that he opened his soul.

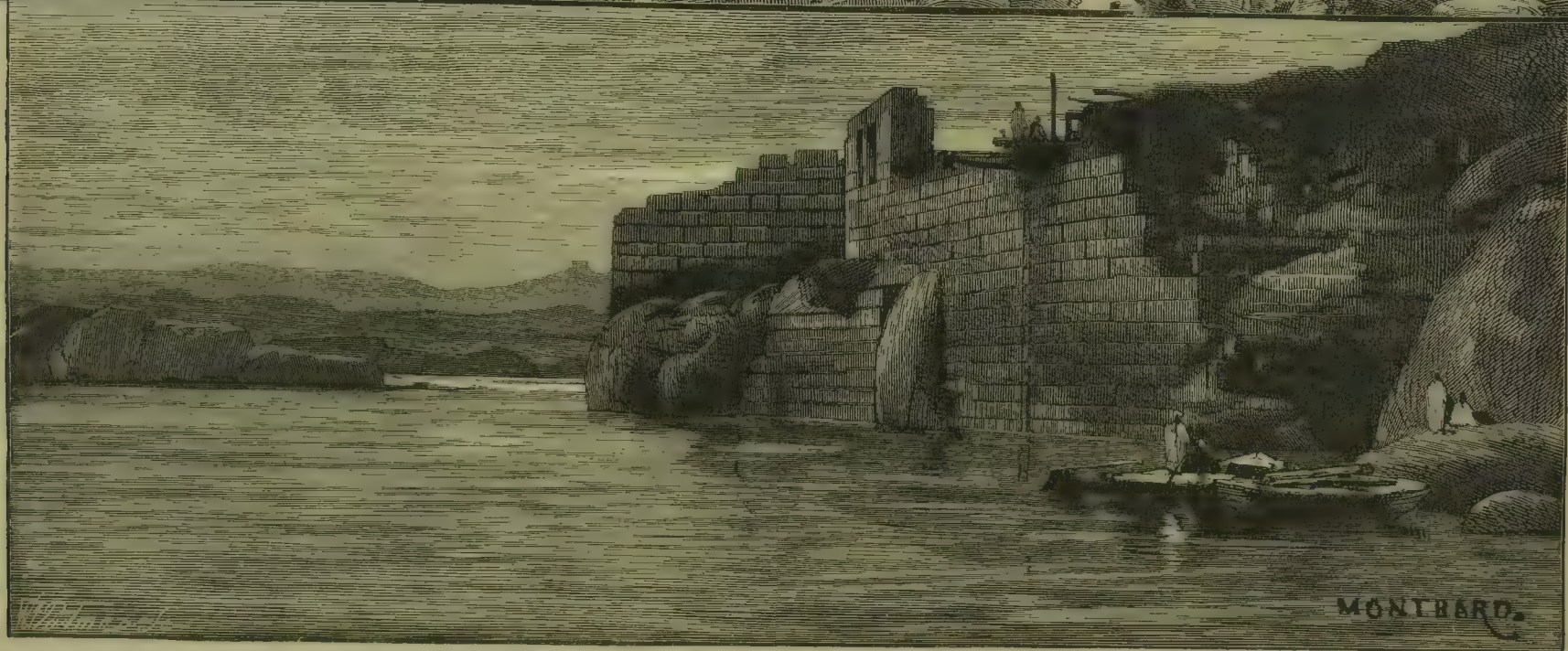
"I've heard some ill news to Barnstaple," said he, filling his pipe. He did not commonly smoke in Mabel's bower: but then he had come to frequent it more since the change of maids and the fear of losing the mistress, while a market day was outside all rules. "When did you hear last from Squire Carew?"

Mabel, in the act of sweetening his punch, dropped spoon and sugar as if a wasp had stung her. For, to tell the truth, she was conscious of having told a lie: and though the end, which was peace and quietness and the gaining of time and the avoidance of trouble, seemed to justify the means, she could not get rid of that apprehension of being found out, which is the larger part of conscience, if it be not the whole.

"I—I don't know," stammered she. "Lord, how awkward I am."

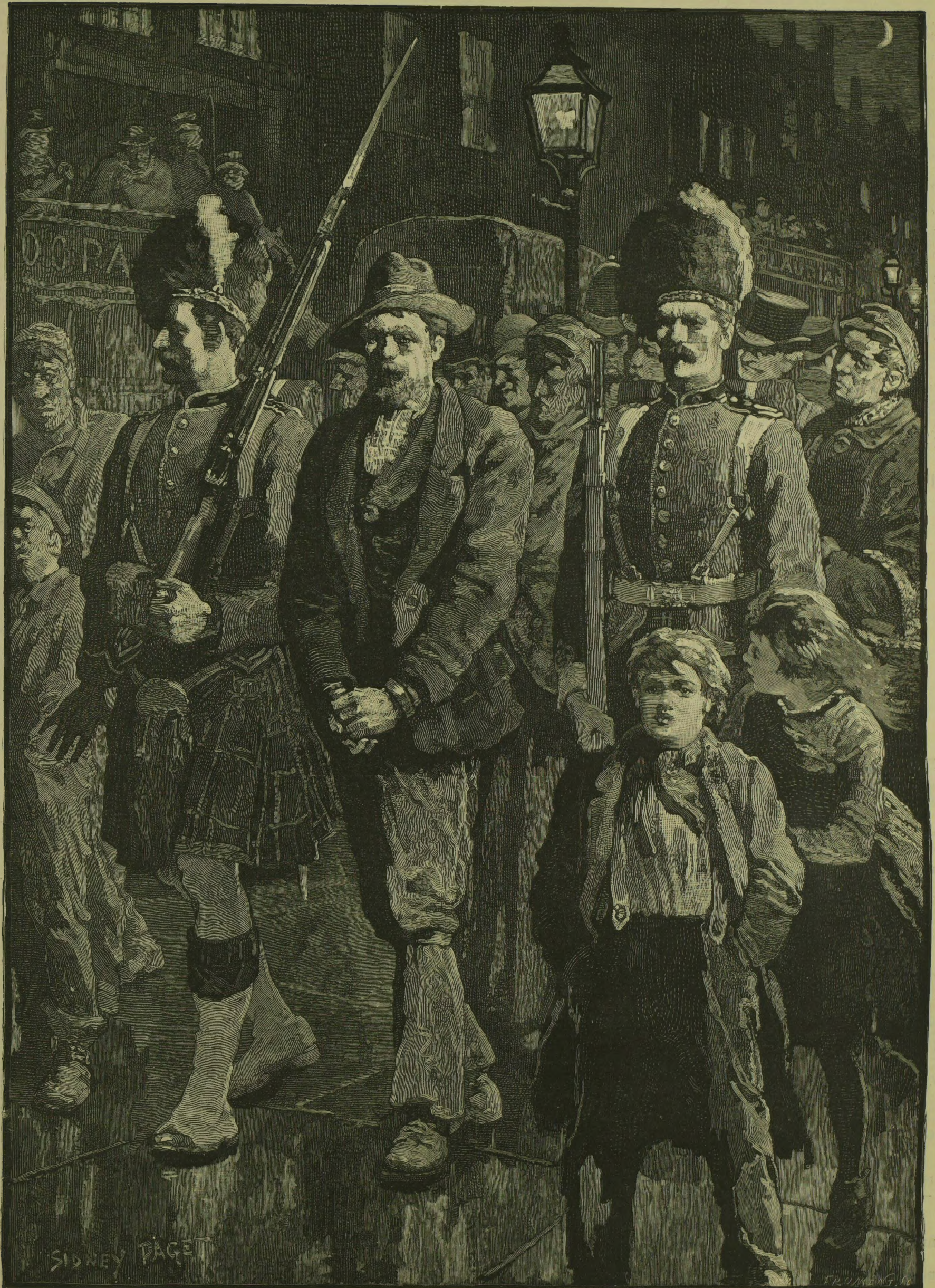
The lie she had told was this—a white one enough, but still one that needed keeping. Unable to confess her having sent her lover beyond seas for a whim, she had evolved the legend that he had been suddenly summoned abroad by a kinsman who had not long to live, and who desired the company, during his few remaining days, of his future heir. She had fixed, at random, upon France as the scene of this fiction, which, for the rest, was harmless, and answered her purpose perfectly well. The excuse was reasonable: the distance was sufficient: it saved all to-day's trouble, and to-morrow would be long enough in coming to be left to look after its own affairs when it came. And thus far all circumstances had aided her. The Parson was as ignorant as herself of the real story of Francis Carew's flight from Horncombe: those who had profited by their share in it were silent for their own sakes, and Mr. Davis had not chosen the Vicar of the Parish as his father confessor. So far as appearances went, Mabel had succeeded in ensuring all she required—indefinite delay, during which she might sit down and let things drift and slide. So used had she become to the situation, that she had almost come to believe in the story of her own invention, and to forget that her white lie could possibly assert itself, and pass out of her own control.

What could have happened now? Was it possible that



1. Isle of Elephantine, from Assouan. 2. South end of Harbour of Assouan. 3. The Nilometer in the Isle of Elephantine.

SKETCHES ON THE NILE, BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 398.



A DESERTER. DRAWN BY SIDNEY PAGET.—SEE PAGE 398.

Francis had prematurely returned, and, by the most perverse ill luck, had met the Vicar at Barnstaple Market before seeing her? Had they been comparing notes, and was the ill news that she had been deceiving one or both of them? Of course the fear was vague—the ill news might refer wholly to the cow market, and have no connection with the question as to when she had last heard from her lover. But the announcement of ill news was of ill omen for the bearing of the question: and, though she did not regret having taken liberties with facts, her exclamation at her own awkwardness did not wholly refer to the dropping of a spoon.

"It is a long time," she added, after a pause, thinking that on the whole the safest thing to say.

"Mabel," said the Parson, busying himself with his bowl, "I'd give my new cow to know you'd heard from him once since he's been away."

His eyes' avoidance of her face, and his tone, were more ominous still. Her heart began to flutter—not that she was timid, but that she hated trouble, and anger, and difficulty, and all such things. She would be able to pick her way out of any mess cleanly, no doubt; but it would be a painfully disagreeable thing to have to do.

"You said—ill news," murmured she.

"And you don't say either Yes or No," said Parson Pengold.

"N—y—es," she began flusteringly and ended firmly. "Of course."

He sighed: it was a mere toss up whether her answer had been luckily or unluckily bold. He sighed again: shook his head sadly: and blew out three perfectly-formed smoke-rings before speaking again.

"Woman—woman—woman! I do declare that if the man you loved best was to turn out a villain you'd swear him an angel of light if anybody did but hint he'd a black hair. If anybody hinted he didn't write to you once in six months, you'd swear you had letters from him ten times an hour, though you hadn't had a line in a year. He's not written to you—not once: There!"

"Sir!" Her exclamation meant nothing: it was only something that had to be made.

"We're at war with France! I heard it this very day."

For that matter, we had been at war with France for the last year and more. Nor is it to be supposed that the ignorance of the Vicarage was completely representative of the parish, which, after all, possessed a journalist in the person of the carrier, and indeed had closer and more peculiar relations with the French nation than places more in the way of public news. War with France! The

announcement brought the blood hotly to Mabel's cheeks and brow, not as those of an English girl, but as those of one who was within an ace of being detected in a falsehood, and that a clumsy one. Why had she sent her lover to France? Why had she not sent him to Kamtschatka, or the country of Prester John?

The Parson saw the flush. "It is bad news," said he. "But don't you be downhearted. It's best to know the worst—and it's a thousand times better he should be a prisoner of war than if he had not written out of neglect or because he had seen some other face to catch his fancy. It's not such a hard fate to be a prisoner of war, if he be not taken in arms. We must be patient—that's all. Think of Penelope—How long Ulysses was away: but he came. And as to that, we've always beaten the French: and we always shall. One Englishman's a match for three frog-eating Frenchmen, any day—they say at Barnstaple the war can't last long—can't possibly last long."

So he lamely tried to comfort her, little knowing how needless was comfort for anybody but the comforter. Such relief came to her with every word that, for a while, she almost believed that Francis Carew had really gone to France and must therefore have become a prisoner of war. When she fully recovered her faltering wits, then—how fortunate that it was to France she had chosen to make him travel, after all! No matter how long he was absent, no matter how little he might write, that French war would account for all: and if he did write—well, it would be time enough to account for a letter when or if it came. She did not like the prospect of having to risk a second white lie: so, as her custom was, she shut her eyes to the chances of such need.

"I will be as patient—as I can," said she, with a sigh of relief. "Indeed I will. . . . Shall I mix you another tumbler of punch, after your long drive?"

"By—George, Mabel, but you're a brave girl! . . . Yes, you may: one more."

She, as if to show that she remembered the example of Penelope, resumed her favourite embroidery, almost marveling at the ease with which a lie had been made to seem like truth—almost vowing that she would never tempt Fortune with even the whitest of lies again. And then she fell into other thoughts at which, could he have read them, Parson Pengold would have been considerably more surprised than pleased. He, however, had too much work for his own thoughts, to speculate upon hers. For he, also, had a white lie on the brain: and now that there seemed some chance of its having been told in vain, it began to trouble him. It was abominable that two nations should go to war as if for the mere

purpose of spiting Parson Pengold. It was the fault of France, of course—no sane Englishman ever doubted that: but had it been the fault of England it would have been the same. He had set his whole heart upon this marriage: and every week that passed increased the chances of something going wrong. It was bad enough, in all conscience, that the young Squire should have had to leave the country unmarried: even though of course relatives with money, who wish to make the acquaintance of those to whom to leave it, are not people to be disobeyed. *Omnia vincit Amor, sed vincit Plutus Amorem*—Love conquers all things, save Gold alone, was a maxim not likely to be absent from the heart of any middle-aged scholar. But this accursed war—Francis Carew was too young to be considered safely bound, and blue eyes are apt to be forgotten when black eyes shine.

There was one comfort—the parish was empty of all else that could interfere with his plans. Quickset had been the great peril, and he was forgotten: Mabel was safe, if only her harebrained lover would keep true.

"You won't fret? You won't worry?" he asked, anxiously, as he brought his thoughts to an end by emptying his tumbler. "You will be patient, and brave?"

"Indeed I won't; and indeed I will," said she.

"That's a good lass!" he thundered, bringing down his hand, not over lightly, upon hers. But it was his notion of a caress: and it happily had the merit of being rare. "Tell me, Mabel, that you don't want to leave Stoke Juliot: that it's your own choice to stay here: that—in short—if the sea's your mother I'm your father, and not so bad a one that you want to run away. Tell me that's true. . . . It is true? Then I'm—hanged if you shall!"

He had not waited for her answer: indeed she was sharply biting her lower lip, for his caress had really hurt her hand. But he was too anxious for a Yes to run the risk of a No. No—be there war or peace, faith or falsehood, marriage or no marriage, the Parson now knew more than ever that he could not give up his one ewe lamb.

(To be continued.)

An Art Loan Exhibition has been opened at the Royal Pavilion, Brighton, in aid of the local school of science and art building fund. The exhibition includes both ancient and modern pictures, and forms the largest art exhibition ever held in Brighton. Two pictures have been sent by the Queen, and Princess Louise, who is patron of the school, exhibits a number of fine water-colour drawings. Several Sussex noblemen and gentlemen have contributed freely to the art collection.

IN THE BATTLE OF THIS LIFE, "THE DRYING UP A SINGLE TEAR HAS MORE OF HONEST FAME THAN SHEDDING SEAS OF GORE."



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She kills and kills, and is never tired of killing till she has taught man the terrible lesson he is so slow to learn, that Nature is only conquered by obeying her. How much longer must the causes of this startling array of preventable deaths continue unchecked? For the means of prevention and for preserving health, by Natural Means, see a large Illustrated Sheet wrapped with each bottle of ENO'S FRUIT SALT, which (prepared from sound, ripe fruit), when taken with water, acts as a natural aperient; its simple but natural action removes all impurities, thus preserving and restoring health. If its great value in keeping the body in health were universally known, no family would be without it.

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A NATURAL APERIENT.—ENO'S FRUIT SALT.—An unsolicited Testimonial from a gentleman, an F.S.A., who is now above eighty years of age:—"I have for a long time used ENO'S FRUIT SALT. I have found it an effective yet gentle aperient, very beneficial to persons of sedentary habits, especially such as exercise not the limbs but the brain, and frequently require to assist nature without hazardous force. It acts according to the quantity taken, either as a relieving medicine, or as a cooling and refreshing drink; and I am convinced that it does not weaken when it stimulates."

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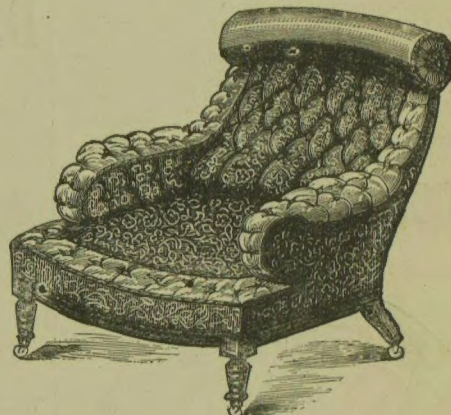
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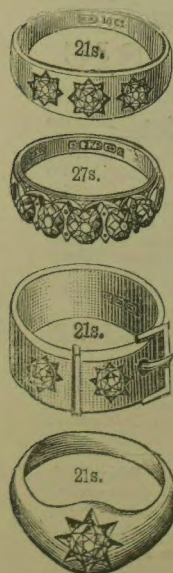
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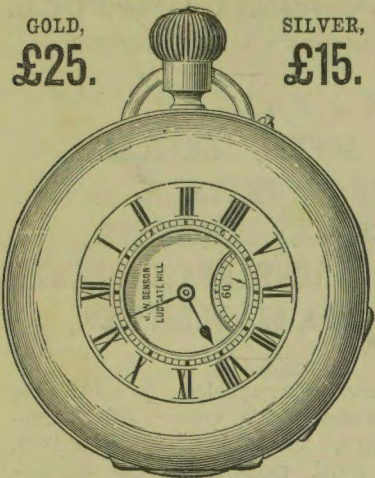
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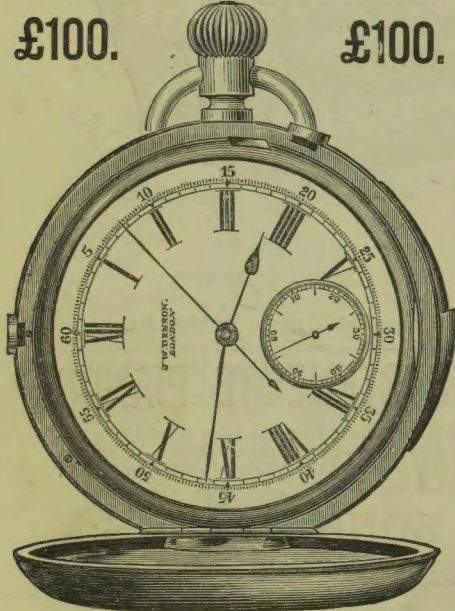
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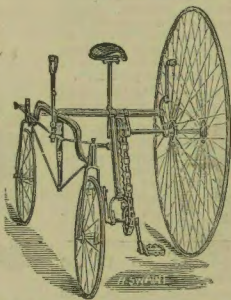
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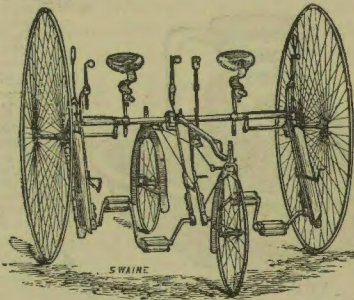
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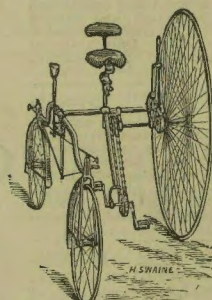
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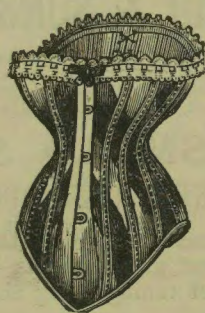
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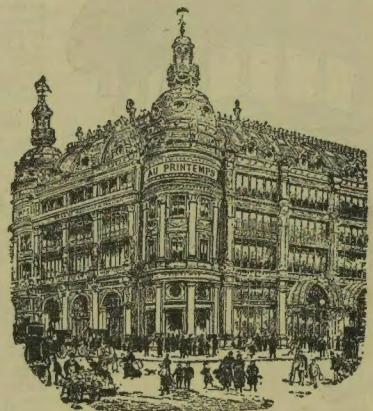


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